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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"ONLY ONE."

BY ALICE.

"A brilliant victory—only one killed on our side."
Only one—and his comrades lift the stiffened form
And bear him along to his lonely grave,
And o'er his head the flowers shall spring,
And the tall green grass shall wave;
Not a tear shall moisten the lonely spot,
Not a sigh shall break the stillness there;
So they lay him down to his last long rest,
Unhallowed by hymn or prayer.

Even the spot shall forgotten be,
'Mid the din of the gathering strife;
His very name shall pass away
In the changing scenes of a soldier's life;
Though his arm was stout, and his heart was brave,
He was only one of the myriad band
Who rushed to the field at duty's call
To strike for their native land.

But, far away, 'mid the northern pines,
A mother sits in silent woe;
She mourns for the one that comes no more,
She weeps for the form that's laid so low;
The "only one" in that lonely grave
Was dearer than the world beside,
And the bitter tears come welling up,
Like the ocean's heaving tide.

And when she kneels in prayer to-night,
And gathers her darlings round,
His name comes first on her trembling lips,
Who sleeps 'neath that grassy mound.
And He, who notes the sparrow's fall,
Shall hark to the widow's cry,
Though "only one" of the mourning train,
Each tear is seen on high.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A MAIDEN'S LOVE-LAY!

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

There is a form, a manly form,
I always meet with friendship warm;
And while that form is ling'ring near,
No ill, no sorrow can I fear.

There is a face, a beaming face,
Wherein the soul has dwelling-place;
A face whereon I love to gaze,
And read the feeling it portrays.

There is an eye, a thrilling eye,
In which a spirit proud doth lie;
Whose brilliant glance upon me thrown
Sends mimic lightning through my own.

There is a hand, a firm, strong hand,
Whose clasp is like enchanter's wand—
For in its pressure magic lies,
And to the heart resistless flies.

That form, that face, that eye, that hand,
Are thine—who dost my soul command:
And unto thee this gift did fall—
To fascinate the hearts of all.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &C.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

EVIDENCE.

The next morning dawned dark and cheerless; the sky wore a keen, steel-like aspect, and sharp glints of ice, mingled with broad flakes of snow, fell incessantly; while a desolate, wailing wind whirled them hither and thither in blinding fury. By nine o'clock, the forest, the mountain, and indeed the whole country, were clothed in spotless white, and the waters of the river foamed and rippled beneath a sheet of glazing ice. Winter had set in in earnest; but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the village was densely crowded at an early hour. The streets, the commons, and the Court-green were blocked up with carriages, sleighs and saddle-horses, and thronged with foot-passengers, making their way to the Court-house.

Florence wound the woollen comforter round her father's neck, and called after him almost cheerfully as he mounted his horse:

"Bring Horace home with you to-night, father, and you shall both have a roaring fire and a steaming supper to comfort you."

The old man shook his head doubtfully, and rode down the lane towards the village. He reached the Court-house just as the prisoner was being brought in. Pale and calm he passed up the aisle, and took his place before the bench of magistrates. The opulent citizens placidly adjusted their gold spectacles; teachers and politicians bent forward in wistful uncertainty; farmers and artisans stood up in honest suspense; sans-culottism grimaced and exulted; and Ichabod and his followers crowded and clung about the doorway, boiling with indignation.

The examination was opened. Mr. Osborne, the banker who had cashed the draft, was called to the stand, sworn, and his evidence recorded. One of his clerks, who had witnessed the proceeding, followed him. Their testimony amounted to the same thing; simply that, on such a day, a man, giving his name as Horace Kenilworth, presented himself at their banking-house with the draft on Mr. Hughes; and supposing it to be legal, they cashed it unhesitatingly. Could they identify the prisoner as the man for whom they cashed the draft? questioned the magistrate. They hesitated a moment, and then answered in unison. They could. Then Jacob Hughes asserted his ignorance of the whole matter, and then the draft was produced.

Did the prisoner recognize that as his handwriting? questioned the Justice, presenting the slip of paper. The schoolmaster took it in his hand and examined it carefully. It was a small slip, the writing running crosswise over the red and blue lines. A sudden flush swept up to his pale forehead—he started, uttered a low exclamation, and the little slip fluttered from his fingers and sailed down to the floor.

The Justice picked it up, and repeated his question, if the schoolmaster recognized it? He did recognize it as his own handwriting. A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembly. Farmer Kent groaned and dropped his face into his hands; even the opulent citizens were startled out of their placidity—teachers and farmers bent forward in breathless wonder—sans-culottism stared, and Ichabod and his followers seemed suddenly transformed to stone—each one a rarest monument of awe-stricken indignation.

"Then the prisoner acknowledges himself guilty of the forgery?" continued the Justice.

"No, not that."

"What then?"

"He wrote the draft, but he did not date or endorse it, or present it at the banking-house, or draw a cent of the money."

"What then was his object in writing it?"

"He had no object—he wrote it a month or two before, not with any criminal intention, but in a moment of pleasantry, merely to test his talent for imitation, and he had not seen or heard of it since."

"Did he write it in the presence of witnesses?"

"He did."

"Would he name them, and detail all the circumstances under which it was written?"

The prisoner declined, folded his arms and resumed his seat; he had nothing more to say. Of course the defence was not found satisfactory, scarcely plausible, and Mr. Kenilworth was committed for trial at the criminal court, to commence session on the following Monday.

Farmer Kent and Attorney Kenilworth rose to their feet at the same moment, and for the same purpose, but the latter succeeded in speaking first. He was ready to stand as bail for his cousin, for any required amount. The prisoner rose up also, and silenced him by a gesture. He was grateful for the offer, but preferred to remain in prison until his trial was over. The Court made no objection, and, under the care of the officers, he was reconducted to his cell.

Every man in the Court-house was sorely puzzled. The evidence was almost beyond doubt; yet they found it exceedingly difficult to believe him guilty. Something in his lofty manner, and pale, placid face, attested his innocence, in spite of convicting circumstances. Farmer Kent left the Court-house like one in a dream—made his way through the crowd and gained admittance to the prison.

"In the name of Heaven, Horace," he began, speaking rapidly and vehemently, and dropping half-exhausted on a seat, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Mr. Kent," said the young man, smiling sadly.

"But you confess that you wrote that draft?"

"I did, Sir."

"And what in the deuce did you write it for?" exclaimed the old man, excitedly.

"For amusement," was the quiet answer; "I was merely trying my skill at imitating."

"A singular kind of amusement, too," continued the farmer, angrily. "But why don't you tell where you were, and when you wrote, and bring forth witnesses, if you have any?"

"I wrote it in my schoolhouse, a few months ago, in the presence of one witness."

"And who was that witness? Why don't you summon him?"

"I have reasons for not doing so—reasons which, I think, justify me in keeping silent."

"Horace Kenilworth, you're a fool," thundered the old gentleman, his face growing purple with rage; "I shall believe you actually guilty if you go on at this rate much longer. You have reasons for remaining silent; and your name and reputation at stake, and my daughter's happiness also. Speak out, Sir, or I shall set you down as a villain."

The schoolmaster walked the length of his cell once or twice; then, pausing before his wrathful visiter, bent his calm blue eyes upon him, and said, in a voice of thrilling sadness:

"Forgive me, Mr. Kent, but I cannot say more than you have already heard. I wrote the draft in a moment of thoughtlessness, but I did not endorse it or present it to be cashed at the banking-house. Since the hour I wrote it, I have never seen or heard of it until to-day. To say more, would be to implicate a friend—that I will never do. If the sentence cannot be averted, let it fall on me. Your daughter's happiness," he continued, his voice vibrating mournfully, "I would die a thousand deaths to secure; but I sincerely trust, Sir, that it will no longer be dependent on one so unworthy and unfortunate as I am."

The old man's indignation was entirely subdued. "Forgive me, Horace," he said, in a faltering voice, tears coursing down his cheeks, "I can't help getting excited; but I don't believe you're guilty, and I'd freely give every cent I've got on earth to prove your innocence."

The young man grasped his extended hand in silent gratitude, and, at the command of the warder, they separated for the night, and Mr. Kent rode sadly homeward.

Florence was out on the porch, regardless of the storm and sleet, anxiously awaiting her father's coming. A glowing hickory fire diffused a genial warmth throughout the old-fashioned hall, and in the supper-room a tempting repast was in readiness. The old house had never looked more comfortable and homelike. If Horace would only come, they would all be so happy together after their transient sorrow. But Horace did not come. The old farmer rode up alone, dismounted, and ascended the steps with a sad, despairing face.

"Father, where is Horace?"

"In prison, child, to be tried at the criminal Court."

She did not wait for farther intelligence, but with a white, bewildered face, went up to her chamber. All night long the wintry storm continued. The snow came down in great, smothering showers, and a cold, easterly wind tossed and whirled it about in mountain-like drifts. The trees bent and creaked beneath its fury—it swept through the mountain passes like the tramp of a mighty cavalcade; and roared and rushed at the windows like the wail of a thousand Banshees. And Florence heard it through all the weary, endless hours, with a terrible vision of the silent, black-walled prison and its lonely, hopeless occupant ever before her eyes.

But the night wore away at last, for the wheels of time, though seemingly laggard to the weary watcher, keep up a constant motion. Night and morning, seed-time and harvest, never fail. The winds subsided, and finally died away in low, fitful murmurs; the snow ceased to fall, and the clouds rolled up in great, billowy masses, revealing ever and anon cheering glimpses of the blue sky beyond; and all along the eastern horizon flamed the crimson prophecies of the coming dawn.

Soon over the hills, like an eager bridegroom, came the morning sun, and, arrayed in her bridal robes of spotless white, the earth rejoiced to meet him. Hill and vale and crested mountain flashed into a sudden blaze of glory—oak and sycamore shook out their giant branches, and filled the opal air with a mist of frosty radiance—pine and hemlock shook out their feathery plumes, and sent down a clinking, clashing shower of icy jewels—and all along the shallows of the river glittered crystalline pillars, and domes, and castles, rivalling for delicacy and beauty of architecture even the wonderful monuments of the Eternal City.

From the chimneys of neighboring dwellings the blue smoke began to ascend in vapory wreaths; and from barn and barn-yard came the innumerable sounds of re-awakening life. As the morning light deepened and broadened, and penetrated through every crack and crevice, it pricked open Florence's weary eyelids, closed for the moment in a fitful doze; and, with a shuddering sigh and a renewed consciousness of sorrow, she arose, went through her morning devotions, made a hasty toilet and descended to the hall.

The first face that greeted her was Attorney Kenilworth's. Buttoned to the chin in his ermine-lined overcoat, he stood rubbing his hands together before the genial blaze; but he turned and came forward quickly as Florence entered.

"I would apologize for such an early intrusion," he said, after a friendly greeting, "but this is no time for formalities, especially between those whose sorrows are mutual. I have come, Miss Florence, to offer you my heart-felt sympathy, and to consult with your father in regard to future action."

Florence bowed—her heart was too full to admit of speech just then—and the kind-hearted Attorney continued:

"In regard to my cousin's innocence, we are all of one opinion; yet the case is a very bad one."

"Then you do not believe him guilty, Mr. Kenilworth?" she asked, eagerly.

"Guilty? Why, my dear Miss Florence, no! I certainly do not believe him guilty. But the case, as I was saying, is a bad one. Evidences are strongly against him; and he persists, most unfortunately, in refusing to explain the circumstances under which the draft was written. My position as Commonwealth's Attorney will force upon me the exceedingly painful duty of pleading the plaintiff's cause, but I sincerely trust—"

"Why, Mr. Kenilworth," interrupted Florence, her eyes opening wide with astonishment, "how can you plead the plaintiff's cause when you believe your cousin to be innocent?"

"The forgery has been committed, Miss Florence—Mr. Hughes has lost his money—it is my duty to lay the case before the jury."

"I suppose so, Sir," she answered, sadly, turning to the window.

He watched her for a moment or two, and then crossed over and stood beside her.

"Miss Florence," he said, sadly, "you don't know how much I feel for you in your present suffering; my own feelings, for the last month or so, have taught me how to sympathize with all manner of sorrow. If you should need a friend, counsellor, or any kind of service, let no false delicacy deter you from calling on me; you will always find me ready and willing to serve you."

"I thank you, Mr. Kenilworth," she answered, quietly, "but I know of nothing in which you can aid me. Your cousin will be tried by God and his country; surely, surely, he will not be condemned."

"I sincerely hope not, Miss Florence."

At this moment, her father and mother entered, the former bringing a letter.

"Why, Mr. Kenilworth, good morning," he said; "you're out early after the storm. Take off your coat and sit down; breakfast will be served directly;" then turning to Florence, "Here, daughter, is a letter the Doctor's boy has just brought."

Her hand trembled as she received it and caught sight of the familiar direction, and dropping down on a cushion by the window, she tore it open and read:

"ROCKVILLE PRISON, 10 o'clock at night.

"MY DEAR FLORENCE:

"I cannot go to my humble pillow until I write you a few lines; indeed, I ought to have written before—but this calamity fell upon me with such a stunning force, that I have been like one in a dream. But I am awake now—able to see clearly, and to speak truthfully, I hope. There are many things connected with this marvellous forgery business which appear strange and inexplicable, indeed, I may say culpable; but, in the face of all, regardless of convicting evidence, YOU believe me innocent. Oh! Florence, if the sentence fall, it cannot crush me now—I can bear it. 'Though all the world forsake you, I never will!' The remembrance of those precious words is like a divine light in my deepest darkness—I can bear the worst, Florence, since you have trusted in me.

"But there are some explanations I wish to make, in order to set your mind at rest as much as possible, and to enable you to report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied. My sudden departure from Rockville was not, as many suppose, an attempt to escape the law. I entertained no apprehensions concerning my safety; neither had I the slightest knowledge of the forgery for which I have since been arrested. The circumstance that called me off was this. An old college friend of mine, on the point of sailing for Europe, wrote that he would make me a present of a pretty little collection of books, paintings and statuary, if I would hasten on and receive them before his departure. Knowing what delight such a treasure would afford you, I started for them at once, intending to give you a pleasant surprise on my return, by having the collection secretly transferred to your chamber. In that I was disappointed, but the books and things will be on in a day or so, and I have made arrangements to have them sent to you.

"In regard to the forgery—I wrote the draft, not, however, with any criminal intention. The circumstances under which it was written I cannot explain, not even to you, my darling. This is all the defence I can offer—to you, I know, it will be all-sufficient; but to the world it will not even seem plausible. I have looked at all the bearings of my case—and I feel sure that I shall be convicted—wrongfully, but convicted nevertheless. You know the punishment, Florence—the State's Prison, and everlasting disgrace. If God wills it, I will not murmur.

"But let me now entreat you, my darling, not to be over-distressed. I know your tender heart will be troubled; but do not dwell upon my unfortunate fate. What am I? Only one of God's millions and millions—let him do with me as He will. I know that these present afflictions will, in the end, work out for me an eternal weight of glory. But for you, my Florence, comfort your heart with the thought that you have been, and ever will be, my divinest blessing—my comforter—my light in the gloomiest night—and when my sentence shall have effect, as it surely will, a long life of peace and happiness will remain for you. Remember me only as a cloud that has drifted away long before noon, leaving the day to a cloudless meridian, and a serene decline. God bless and comfort you, my darling. As ever, yours,

HORACE."

She rose up, regardless of the Attorney, her face bathed in tears.

"Mother," she said, plaintively, holding the letter towards her, "I must go down and see Horace to-day—I must—I must, mother."

Mrs. Kent took the letter, turned to the window and read it, and then answered, gently:

"Yes, dear, I'll go out and hurry breakfast, and we'll both go down together."

Still weeping, but making a painful effort to smile through her tears, Florence bowed to the Attorney and glided out of the room. A sudden shadow swept across his face as he looked after her, a shadow of remorse and pitying regret; but it was gone in an instant; his eyes resumed their clear, keen glitter—his face its pleasant smile; and, declining Mr. Kent's invitation to breakfast, he also took his departure.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRISONER IN HIS CELL.

The same winter sunlight that brightened the old farm-house and its surroundings fell in broad, golden beams over Rockville, over the mountains, the pine grove, and over the county prison. But it only gilded the rough, stone masonry, and glanced across the grated bars; no dimmest ray could penetrate the inner dungeon, where, before a rude stand, the schoolmaster sat, reading. No dimmest ray could enter to warm the chill gloom around him, yet his pale face wore an expression of calm and lofty resignation.

It was difficult to believe him guilty as he sat there, his pocket Bible open before him, his brow resting on his hand, his blue eyes full of such holy serenity—he looked like a martyr rather than a felon. Yet the people of Rockville, and of the surrounding country, were beginning to credit the accusation—evidences were so strong, and the young man had acted so strangely. The law must take its course. Justice unsheathed his sword, and Mercy fled back affrighted.

For a short time, he read on uninterruptedly, save when a timid mouse flashed across the stone floor, or a spider threw out her silken gossamer above his head—conning over old passages, blessed, familiar words, which he had read morning and evening ever since his earliest recollection, and heard Sabbath after Sabbath from the sacred desk; yet never until that moment, when all earthly hope and help were failing him, had he experienced their true meaning, their deep and life-giving richness.

But presently the sound of a distant voice disturbed him.

"Mr. Kenilworth! I say, Mr. Kenilworth!"

He rose up and walked through the long corridor to the grated entrance. Closely pressed against the bars was a small, sorrowful face, and two chubby hands, tightly grasping a small roll, were extended to meet him.

"Mr. Kenilworth," lisped the childish voice, "mother says here's two biscuit for your breakfast."

"Tell your mother I am very much obliged to her for her kindness, Sammy," said the schoolmaster, receiving the roll and pressing the chubby hands.

"You's welcome," lisped the little fellow, turning down the steps; then looking back again, he said, after a moment's hesitation, "when do you think you'll come back to school, Mr. Kenilworth?"

The earnest question touched a tender spot in his heart. When would he go back to the old schoolhouse, beneath the rustling oak boughs, to love, and life, and liberty?

"I can't tell, Sammy," he answered sadly, "never again, perhaps; but you must all be good boys, and do the best you can without me."

Sammy went down the steps, rubbing his chubby fists in his eyes, and the schoolmaster turned back to his Bible, with a mist of tears before him.

The next sound that interrupted him was the harsh creaking of the door and a brisk step along the corridor. Again leaving his book, he turned to meet the pleasant face of Miss Tabby, the milliner.

"Good mornin', Mr. Kenilworth," she said cheerfully, placing a covered plate and cup upon the stand, "I thought I'd bring you a hot roll and a cup o' my coffee; fare 's not as good here ginerally as it ought 'o be, and a cup o' hot coffee goes down rale nice on a sharp mornin' like this."

"Thank you, Miss Tabby," he said, rising and bowing; "it was very kind of you to remember me; but I'm sorry you came down through the snow."

"La, bless you, sir, I don't mind the snow; I was raised in New England, you see, and I never feel at home till we get a good snow on. But I'm keepin' the jailor waiting. Drink the coffee at your leisure, Mr. Kenilwoth, I'll git the things when I pass. Good mornin'."

She made a few steps forward, looked back, hesitated, and then,

"Mr. Kenilworth," she broke out, impetuously, "I don't spose my opinion's much account to ye, but I don't believe you're guilty o' that forgery, and I shant believe it, not even if they prove it on ye."

The schoolmaster could not help smiling at this abrupt avowal, but, even while he smiled, tears were in his eyes.

"I thank you sincerely, Miss Tabby," he said, tremulously; "I'm glad to know that one of my friends, at least, believes in my innocence."

"It's not only me that believes it, Mr. Kenilworth; there's a good many more besides. And even if the worst comes upon ye, don't give up; God'll make it all plain in his own good time. Clouds and darkness are round about him, but judgment and righteousness are the habitations of his throne;" and brushing her hand across her eyes she fluttered out as she had fluttered in, and he heard the ponderous door close after her.

Again he turned to the little stand. There were the biscuits, still indented with the prints of Sammy's chubby fingers, and the daintily buttered rolls, and China mug of fragrant coffee; but a single morsel would have choked him then; human sympathy had called up all his human feelings. Never before had the outer world, with all its active life and happy freedom, seemed so attractive as at that moment, when a prophetic voice seemed to whisper that it was lost to him forever, or as good as forever. He had been a lover of solitude, but now he longed for crowded streets, for the faces of his fellow men. But the iron walls were around him—he was in the inexorable grasp o the Law.

Hopes and dreams he had cherished, joys once his own flashed before him in cruel mockery, forever beyond his reach. Old memories rushed back upon him with torturing vividness—memories of his happy boyhood, of peaceful years spent in his boyhood's home, of his pleasant school beneath the whispering oak boughs, of the free, grand mountains, and of Florence. And this last was the saddest of all. She was lost to him forever—his name must pass from her memory, a blighted, sorrowful thing; and in after years she would give herself to another, and live, and love, and be happy, and all the world would be happy, and the seasons would come and go, and the roses bloom and die, while he would languish alone in infamy and disgrace, and at last drop off from the roll of existence, a blotted and blackened cipher.

Such a fate was hard to accept; his soul almost died within him as the bare contemplation. But he cried aloud for help, and the help was not far off.

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him, but judgment and righteousness are the habitations of his throne," spake the voice of the comforter.

"But when would they be asserted? When would deliverance come?" asked his fainting soul.

"In God's own time," said the comforter, and his soul heard and lived again.

Miss Tabby had thrown her little crumb upon the waters, and lo, it appeared thus soon!

Calm, strong, and God-reliant, he went to the window, and looked out upon the busy village. Tradesmen bustling to and fro—sleighs darting hither and thither—all the frosty air throbbing with happy life. And while he stood there, lost in thought, the door creaked open again—light footsteps rustled along the corridor—a soft hand touched his arm—and

"Good morning, Horace!" fell in silvery cadences on his ear.

"Florence, Florence, I thank you for this," he said, looking down with the tenderest love upon her fair young face, "but why have you come through all this inclement weather?"

"Inclement weather," she interrupted gaily, smiling resolutely, though tears were in her eyes, "why, Horace, its perfectly delightful—all the world's in a blaze of beauty—and such sleighing—we flew down, like birds, to see you."

He did not speak, but continued to regard her with a look of mournful tenderness.

"Come, come," she continued, throwing off her cloak and furs, "you don't even say we're welcome, and we've come to spend the day. Horace, mother and I, brought our sewing and our dinners—say, are you not glad."

Mrs. Kent, who had paused to speak with the jailor, entered at that moment, and added her pleasant greeting to Florence's childish gaiety.

The young man received her with a touching mingling of gentlemanly dignity and mournful gratitude; placed her in the only seat the room contained, and then looked round in embarrassment for a seat for Florence. Her quick eyes read his feelings in an instant.

"Pshaw, Horace," she exclaimed merrily, "you have not the least bit of contrivance. Now, just look here!" and emptying and inverting the wood-box, she packed her cloak and furs upon it, and sat herself down with an air of amusing satisfaction.

"And now," she continued, "you can take the foot of the cot, sir, and talk or read according to your pleasure; and mother draw up your chair, and give me my needlework. There, who says we're not as comfortable a family as any in the United States."

But, while she spoke, a sudden thought flashed, lightning-like, across her mind. How long would this happiness last? How long before they would be torn asunder, never to meet again, perhaps, in all their earthly pilgrimage? She struggled bravely to put it from her, but in vain. The smile faded from her face, all her affected merriment failed her, and dropping her head forward upon the foot of the cot, she burst into tears.

"It is God's will, my darling, let us not murmur," said the young man tenderly, passing his hand caressingly over her bowed head, "in His own time all will be made plain. Clouds and darkness are round about Him, but judgment and righteousness are the habitations of His throne."

She looked up, and brushed away her tears.

"I'm sorry I wept," she said, smiling, "I intended to be strong and calm, and to comfort you, dear Horace, but you have to comfort me instead. But I am calm now, and hopeful too—for, after all, this affair, so trying to us now, will soon be over. This charge against you is so unreasonable, so exceedingly preposterous—indeed, I may say, so supremely ridiculous, that when it comes to be calmly investigated, you cannot fail to be speedily and honorably acquitted."

"But, my dearest Florence, though I dislike to chill your generous hopes, I must prepare you for the worst. Evidences are strongly against me; I shall most certainly be convicted."

"Unless God wills it otherwise," she said, reverently.

"But, Florence, there is no hope of escape. The law cannot do otherwise than condemn me, under existing circumstances."

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity," said Mrs. Kent.

"True, my dear Madam, but God may not see fit to avert this calamity. He may will that it shall fall upon me—not always, in this life, are the innocent acquitted. My case may be transferred to the great, final judgment bar; there it will be made clear; there I shall stand acquitted before assembled worlds. Shall I murmur at the little lapse, the short, fleeting space, between the present and that hour? Rather let me rejoice that my Divine Master, who was condemned and accused before me, has found one worthy to follow in his steps. I could rejoice—I could accept my sentence almost cheerfully, if there were none beside myself to suffer. O, Madam, Madam," he continued, his lofty enthusiasm changing into tenderest grief, as his eye rested on Florence's drooping figure, "if I could take it all upon myself, I would not murmur; but to see *her*, bowed down beneath the weight of my misfortunes, is more than I can bear. Much as I love her, much as she has brightened and blessed my existence, I would willingly lay down my life this moment to make her a stranger to me."

"God forbid," exclaimed Florence, rising up and dropping her head upon his shoulder; "my only solace, in this bitter trial, is the blessed, blessed privilege of being with you and sharing all your sorrows. Horace, Horace, you would not send me from you—you would not deny me this one sweet mercy?"

"No, my darling," he answered, deeply moved, "I only wish to spare your tender heart—but it is too late now—you must suffer and sympathize with me; but, my own Florence, forgive me, I must prepare you for the worst. When all is over—when my sentence has been passed—when I shall have gone away to meet the requirements of that sentence—then, my darling, you must be strong and brave. Do not, I beseech you, spend your bright young life in vain repinings—forget me, Florence, or remember me only as a troubled vision of your youth."

She raised her head, and lifted up her amber eyes, full of woman's undying fidelity, as she said, "If ever I forget you, Horace, so may God forget me in my extremest need!—I am your own forever, in life or in death, in honor or in dishonor. They cannot imprison you for life—ten or fifteen years will not last forever—when they are over, Horace, you must come back to the old place;—and as sure as God lives, and I live, you'll find me there awaiting you."

He turned to her mother with an imploring glance. She only smiled, a smile of sublime tenderness, and said gently:

"If your positions were reversed, Mr. Kenilworth, I think you would feel as she does."

He could not answer, he could only fold her to his heart in silent, unspeakable love.

Thus passed that first, sad day of his imprisonment—thus passed the others like it—thus passed the peaceful Sabbath, with its thronging multitudes, its pealing church-bells, and ascending hymns—and then the day of trial dawned.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRIAL.

Monday morning dawned clear and cloudless—one of those bright, balmy days that burst upon us once in a while in the beginning of winter, like reminiscences of departed summer. The snow was rapidly disappearing beneath the spring-like warmth of the sun, and the roads and rivers, in consequence, were almost impassable. Notwithstanding, at an early hour, the village was densely crowded. Indeed, it had been full for the last two or three days; the thrilling interest of the approaching trial having drawn in strangers from different parts of the State.

Elaborate preparations had been made by the prisoner's counsel, two eminent lawyers from a neighboring city, and every one was in expectation of a most successful defence. On the other hand, the Prosecuting Attorney had evinced but little interest in the trial; indeed, it was not to be expected of him, his own cousin being the criminal. But, another lawyer had suddenly made his appearance in the village—a dark, subtle man, whom no one had ever seen or heard tell of before—engaged by Mr. Hughes, and, it was hinted, at the suggestion of the Attorney.

However, this was not to be relied on; any more than the other flying rumors that filled the village. Attorney Kenilworth certainly did not desire his cousin's downfall; and yet he seemed to be working for, instead of against it—said some of the gossips. Indeed, one or two adventurous tongues had gone so far as to whisper that the Attorney's claims to the property he then held, were such as would not well bear investigation; and for that reason he was anxious to get the rightful heir out of the way. And old Kibbie, the village washerwoman, a queer, gipsy-like body, who occupied a small hovel just back of the brown school-house, shook her head wisely, and asserted that she knew a thing or two—she could tell, if she was a mind to, who drew old miser Hughes' money.

Of course, the respectable part of the community paid no attention to this slanderous gossip—nor did the worthy Attorney himself—yet it was afloat, and there is no telling what amount of matter a little spark may kindle. But to return to our subject, Monday found the village crowded, the "Traveller's Rest" full to overflowing. Streets, commons and Court-green were again blocked up with all manner of vehicles, and the space around the Court-house, the Court-house steps, and the Court-house itself, were all closely filled with an eagerly expectant multitude.

At ten o'clock the prisoner was brought out, and conducted by the Sheriff through the staring crowd, past the opulent citizens, the sympathizing teachers and hopeful artisans—past the excellent sans culottes, and Ichabod and his indignant followers—up the steps, and on to the prisoner's bar. His face was pale, and somewhat worn by anxiety and confinement; but his step was firm, his form erect, and his whole bearing lofty and impressive.

A murmur of pity and admiration ran through the crowd as he took his place, gradually subsiding into a buzz of expectation, and then the trial began.

Preliminaries over, a jury of twelve was empanelled, principally consisting of the opulent citizens; these duly sworn in, the prisoner was arraigned according to the usual formula, the indictment read, and then the Clerk of the Court, addressing him, asked—

"Horace Kenilworth, how say you—are you guilty or not guilty of the felony with which you have been indicted?"

"Not guilty!"

As the clear, unhesitating answer rang through the Court-house, the multitude swayed and murmured, like a mighty forest stirred by an autumn wind. It had carried conviction with it. There was not an individual present who, in his inmost heart, believed that pale, serene-looking man guilty of the crime for which he was about to be tried. And yet the evidence was so convincing, there seemed to be no other alternative but to let the law take its course.

Attorney Kenilworth arose and opened the prosecution. He merely made a simple statement of the circumstances which had led to the prisoner's arrest—summed up the evidence, and laid it before the jury—and then, apparently deeply affected, resumed his seat. His assistant, the dark, subtle man, before alluded to, then proceeded to call the witnesses for the prosecution. First, Mr. Osborne, the banker, was called to the stand, and, after being sworn, recapitulated his former testimony. Again the question was put—could the witness identify the prisoner at the bar as the man in whose favor he had cashed the draft? Again the banker hesitated; but being reminded that he was upon his oath, and expected to speak the whole truth, he spoke, a little falteringly to be sure, but plainly and unmistakably—he identified the prisoner as the man. His clerk followed, corroborating his evidence in every particular. The draft was then produced—disclaimed by Mr. Hughes, and identified by the banker. Then the assistant summed up the evidence in a few brief, but convicting words, and then the prosecution rested.

The senior counsel for the defence arose, and held the audience spell-bound during a long and eloquent address. He also summed up the evidence, and proved it to be nothing more than circumstantial—the least to be relied on, the most uncertain and deceptive in the annals of jurisprudence. Then he cited a number of instances setting forth its fatal fallibility; instances in which guiltless persons had been convicted and punished, under testimony more convincing and overwhelming than any that had been brought against his client.

It behooved the jurors, he said, to be very cautious in giving any weight to such evidence, even where the criminating circumstances could not be explained, but such was not the case in regard to his client. He was about to offer an explanation, which, when taken conjointly with the high character and unblemished morals of Mr. Kenilworth, could not, he felt sure, fail to satisfy the most scrupulous, and to secure, not only an acquittal, but an honorable and triumphant vindication.

He then entered upon a minute elucidation of the testimony. The prosecutor, he said, had made a great point of the banker's identification. How easily could the banker have been mistaken! How common an occurrence it was for us, in daily intercourse, to mistake our nearest friends! Was it not reasonable and natural to suppose that this banker, with hundreds and hundreds of new faces daily crowding before him, might have mistaken some other face for that of his client, and his client a stranger to him too, a man he had never before seen? He begged that gentleman's pardon, and meant no offence; but might not the Attorney have been the man who presented the draft? He was a living image of his cousin, the prisoner. Did the banker feel himself capable of deciding between two such similar faces? At his request the banker again took the stand. As he did so the Attorney rose up hastily, as if about to speak, but at a glance from his assistant quickly resumed his seat, and remained with his face averted, and a ring of dusky white about his compressed lips, while the prisoner's counsel proceeded to cross-examine the witness.

Did the witness feel sure, asked the lawyer, that he was not perjuring himself, by identifying the prisoner as the man for whom he had cashed the draft? Might it not have been some other man resembling him? Might it not have been, begging that gentleman's pardon, the Attorney?

The banker looked from one to the other in bewildered doubt. But, he said at last, the man gave his name as Horace Kenilworth.

The lawyer laughed sarcastically. A sure evidence, he said, that he was not Horace Kenilworth. Were men in the habit of giving their names whenever they presented drafts at banking houses? He thought the witness would do well to withdraw his testimony. But the witness rallied again. He was on his oath; he would not stand perjured in the eyes of the assembly; he identified the prisoner as the man for whom he had cashed the draft.

The defendant dropped that point, as unworthy of further notice, and passed on.

Concerning the draft itself, he said, but very few words were necessary. His client had confessed to having written it—not, however, with any felonious intention, but merely as a trial of his skill. How many of them had done the same thing; how many of his hearers could remember when, at one time or other, perhaps in their school-boy days, they had amused themselves by drawing off checks, drafts and bonds, in imitation of their fathers or guardians. His client had written the draft, before them, in the same spirit. It had, by some means unknown to him and them, fallen into wicked, designing hands, and had been endorsed, presented and cashed in his name. Why, then, did his client persist in refusing to explain the circumstances under which it was written? Because he did not wish to implicate another, a dear friend, perhaps. That friend, in all probability, was the true criminal; yet his client preferred to take the punishment upon himself, rather than betray him. It was a noble, a God-like action; and would, he hoped, have a proper effect upon the jury.

Then he dwelt eloquently upon the high and respectable standing of the prisoner; upon his blameless life; his many eminent qualities, and well-known virtues; and cited numerous and well-authenticated instances of his strict integrity, and warm generosity; conspicuous among which he placed the unhesitating manner in which he relinquished his estate into the hands of his cousin, when he had become convinced that justice demanded it. Again the Attorney winced, and turned aside his face, in anxiety for his cousin no doubt, and the legal gentleman went on.

Was it natural to suppose that a man possessing all these shining qualities, a man whose character had hitherto been as blameless as i was lofty and refined, would stoop to such a crime, would sully his fair name and honor, for the paltry pittance of five thousand dollars? The idea was preposterous! Should a chain of merely circumstantial evidence involve such a man in ruin, a man to whom a character of sterling honor and high magnanimity was universally attributed? Certainly not!

He wound up with a logical and touching appeal to the judgment and feeling of the jury, and having made the best possible defence out of poor material, took his seat. He was followed by the assistant counsel for the defence, in an ingenious and skillful argument, and then the assistant for the prosecution arose.

His dark face, lambent with deep and sinister meaning, he looked for an instant around the almost breathless assembly, and then broke forth into a storm of scathing eloquence. He tore away every prop that his opponent had built up—refuted every argument—summed up the evidence in an overwhelming mass, and took his seat, amid a profound and ominous silence.

The Judge arose, and delivered his charge to the jury, in a few brief, pointed words, after which they retired to deliberate upon their verdict.

When the door had closed behind them, a death-like stillness fell upon the court-room. The Judge sat like a statue, with his head bowed upon his hand; the lawyers conversed in low, constrained whispers; and Attorney Kenilworth gazed out at the window, that dusky ring still about his mouth. Animation seemed for the moment to be suspended; every heart stood still in fearful expectation. The prisoner alone was calm. With his elbow resting on the railing in front of him, and his brow upon his hand, he sat in an attitude of graceful self-possession; his blue eyes bent upon the sunshine beyond the window, as if, instead of his impending doom, some sweet poetic dream wrapt all his senses.

An hour crept slowly by—another, and another. One by one the spectators left the court-room; and at length the Judge arose from his seat, and the Court adjourned until ten o'clock next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OUR WIDOWER.

BY MRS. BEULAH C. HIRST.

The death of Mrs. Franklin caused quite a sensation in Merlinville; not so much from grief at losing her, though she was much beloved and deeply lamented, as from the fact that her husband was thereby left a widower.

Somehow women, especially unmarried women, have a great sympathy for widowers. Bachelors are common enough, and may be had by asking, sometimes without;—but widowers are more rare, for the reason, perhaps, that they have such a dislike to their lonely state; they soon marry again, and rare goods bring high bids in all markets—the matrimonial one included.

And then the women seem to pity and pet them on account of their supposed sorrow, which is usually manifested by a deep band of crape on the hat, a full suit of black, which everybody knows is very becoming, and a few heavy sighs, which may arise partly from grief for the loss of one wife, and partly from regret that they must wait a year before taking another.

There is another advantage widowers enjoy, which bachelors must envy: if they have been good husbands, or if their wives have concealed their faults so that they seemed good, the gossips will soon spread the news of "how kind he was to his poor dead wife;" thus furnishing him with a certificate of good character wherewith to win another.

Bachelors are untamed colts, who have never been in harness; widowers have worn the traces, and have proved whether they are tricky or otherwise, though their faults, as we have before hinted, are not always exposed; and where they are not known to be bad, they are generally judged to be good.

Mr.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 8, 1862.

WHAT RETARDS THE ARMY.

One of the causes that retard our progress in bringing the present war to an end is the manner in which officers are absent on furlough, or without and beyond all furlogh. The effect is seen not only upon the officer himself and his regiment, while he is absent, but upon the drill, discipline and efficiency of the whole body for months afterward. An officer who can be absent without being missed is a sort of officer who is not wanted at all. Not long since a whole regiment threatened to revolt because their officers, through neglect, had rendered it impossible for them to get their pay. Many of the comforts, and even necessaries of life are lost to the soldier, who has not the proper officer on hand to look after his supplies. He is the agent—the father of his command.

It is then not only his superior officers who should be consulted as to furlough, but the men. If *they* had to pass a vote, giving leave of absence to an officer as well as those who now grant the furloughs, and if they had authority to elect from the ranks and inferior grades officers to supply the place of those improperly absent, we should soon have a very different state of things. It thus sometimes happens that those whose zeal for vigorous measures in pushing the war is not the most conspicuous, are more laborious and diligent in attending to the wants of their men, than those who seem more zealous, and they thus acquire a position and influence in the army, and rise in regimental command, rapidly, while men of most undoubted loyalty and earnestness for carrying on the war, lose all influence, because they are mere talkers and theorists, neglecting their troops, absent on furloughs and ventilating their patriotism only in the streets of our cities, or the side-walks by the chief hotels. This is one reason why the war is not pushed with greater success and vigor.

Major Key has just been dismissed from the army for announcing, publicly, the programme of "the exhausting process," whether simply as his own, or of certain other captains and majors, and even colonels, we cannot say. But it is clear a very few of these subordinates, if they take it into their heads, can make their commands appear so dilapidated that no general officer, however zealous, would dare to make an advance movement into a hostile country. There is no doubt an unusual number of spies and informants in all the regiments of our army—men of every variety and shade of loyalty, through whom the rebels contrive to extract much valuable information in various ways, so that if there is any weak spot, they know it. Even where officers and men are in the field fighting on one side, their wives and families are often at home sending newspapers, and even letters, to their friends in the South. It is by no means necessary to suppose that all of these persons are conscious traitors. Often a man is sincerely loyal, even where his wife and children are betraying his cause. But it is one of the difficulties of making any advance movements in this war. Every preparatory movement of a single regiment is probably communicated in some way or other to the rebels. They know the when and the where, and *how* to strike, so that the only generals who succeed are those who make their advances so solidly as well as secretly that nothing can withstand them.

To what extent these causes can be remedied by care and military discipline remains to be seen. The rebels are bent not only upon independence, but upon carrying their boundaries, if at all acknowledged, as far north as possible, and embracing both sides of the Mississippi river. It is, in every respect, vital to the interests of Pennsylvania and Maryland that Virginia should be cleared of rebels; and it can be done quickly if all the Governors and officers, general and regimental, will work heartily for it for a few weeks. It is equally necessary for the West that Kentucky and Missouri should be cleared, and the Mississippi completely in our possession. This can also be done, with the new levies properly handled, and will doubtless be effected as soon as the Mississippi fairly rises. With these points secured, the rest will make itself plain. But it is to be hoped, and the country expects, that the blows will be struck that shall effect this before Congress meets. But, thus far, one of our greatest misfortunes has been that our soldiers have been politicians, and our politicians soldiers, whereas naturally and necessarily the army belongs to the Executive, and ought to be distinct from and above all party political or legislative ideas, and quite uninfluenced by them.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORTATION.

One of the most important military lessons taught by the present war, is the difficulties of an *invading* force. The moment we attempt to advance into Eastern Virginia, which is hostile, we experience it. This is the real difficulty of the advance on Richmond. The moment the rebels crossed the Potomac for an advance into Maryland and Pennsylvania, if they could accomplish it, they experienced the same trouble It is this, unquestionably, which makes Gen. McClellan cautious in advancing beyond the Potomac. It is one of those difficulties which becomes more formidable because it is intrinsic, as a war advances and both sides get used to each other's hostile operations. The source of it lies in this, the attacking force is in increasing danger of being cut off from its base, the further it advances. So long as an army needs supplies not to be furnished by the country through which it progresses, so long must it keep open a road to the source of these supplies at home. If that line is long, it is almost impossible for it to be so strong at every point but what an enemy can concentrate in sufficient numbers to rout it somewhere. If, to shorten this line the base is moved up too far, then it becomes liable to attack. So long as we have command of the water, we can advance our base any where, provided only, it is not on some harbor or river so narrow that the guns of the enemy are capable of blockading the passage of our vessels, or some forts which are able to resist our attack.

In a hostile country the want of reliable and certain information is another cause of delay. A General never can be certain that he knows all that is going on, or all that it is important for him to know. Large bodies of the enemy may be working round to flank him or cut off his rear, and he cannot depend on at once being correctly informed as to their numbers, direction, and time of attack. He thus has to live perpetually on his guard, and be at no point so weak as to be in danger of surprise. Besides this, in a hostile country, the information which is withheld from you is given to your enemy. He is correctly informed of every movement of troops if his scouts are well organized, by his scouts and spies, and by every man, woman and child capable of being cross-questioned. Information necessarily flows in certain channels, and not in certain others, and it is *intelligence* that makes armies weak or powerful more than the men or arms that compose them. Correct and reliable information of the whole position of things is as much to the wise General as cannon or forts.

To what extent then is it possible to surmount these difficulties in advancing on an enemy? Railroads and telegraphs can do much, by the rapidity with which they convey information or troops and supplies. But they cannot prevent correct information reaching the enemy. Some have proposed and attempted giving up all communication with a base, quarter on the enemy and depend on him for supplies. It was thus Napoleon threw himself into the heart of Russia and attempted to winter at Moscow. Such a course soon desolates the country and thus wears itself out. Virginia is now utterly denuded of its supplies by the marching and countermarching of armies. If, then, we must transport our baggage and supplies, the only thing is to see if steam cannot be employed instead of horses and mules on common roads. Railroads are soon torn up and rendered useless for weeks. But steam carriages for hauling on common roads might certainly supercede more than half of our present horse and mule teams. They might transport even large bodies of troops, not so rapidly nor comfortably as in railway cars, but far more rapidly than by marching. There are gentlemen now prepared to contract at any time with the Government, it is said, to furnish steam engines for common roads at less than one hundred dollars per horse power, that will transport supplies and men wherever horses or mules can be used in connection with hauling.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.

The war has progressed favorably where politicians have had least opportunity to interfere with it. Gen. Halleck carried on a most successful campaign in the West, because he was too far away from Washington to be much influenced by the daily discussions in Congress, upon military campaigns and how they ought to be conducted. Gen. McClellan was hampered in his movements during the whole time that Congress was in session. It was only after it had adjourned, and he was left free to act according to his own judgment, that he inflicted such terrible punishment upon the rebels and restored victory to the Union army. The public are anxious to see a vigorous prosecution of the war at once, so that the results expected from our numerous and admirably appointed army may be realized before Congress shall be again in session. If we are to have next winter's Congressional interference with our military campaigns, we will experience, in all probability, another series of disasters or of delay in the prosecution of the war, such as will ruin the nation financially and postpone for years the accomplishment of the task of restoring the Union. The only way to guard against such mischief as this is for our Generals to hurry up the work and accomplish the job before Congress shall again assemble, or at least obtain such advantages as will secure it from any possible embarrassing interference thereafter. In order to secure to the Government all the support it requires for a successful prosecution of the war, it would not be amiss for conscientious voters to interrogate candidates for the next Congress upon this subject, and to examine their past record to see who have embarrassed our military operations by their interference. Everything in the existing crisis should be subordinate to a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, and those only are worthy to represent the people who will be ready to aid our military operations by all the power they can give, without meddling unnecessarily with the commanders of our armies, or foisting their own crude notions of military campaigns upon the public or our generals. No man is fit for the responsibilities of the legislative chamber who will allow his political proclivities to warp his judgment, or who will depreciate or embarrass our military commanders because these commanders in their civil capacity are not partisan politicians.

HOW MEN BECOME PHILOSOPHERS.

The processes of thought, through which men improve in knowledge, become every day important subjects of study. At this moment the thinking world may be said to be tending all of them either towards M. Comte or Mr. Morrell. The system of the former we have recently described, under the head of Positive Philosophy. But the system of classification of all philosophy adopted by Mr. Morrell, deserves closer attention than it has ever received. He divides off all attempts at philosophying into five general heads: the Sensational, the Ideal, the Skeptical, the Mystical and the Eccletic.

The sensational philosophy is that with which men begin. The objects which appeal to our senses produce the most striking effect upon our consciousness, because they are objective. Men become conscious of the existence of the tree or the star which they see with their eyes before they ever think about the structure or existence of the eye itself, through which alone they see. Hence, men take for granted that things are as they appear, and, relying on their sensations, construct systems of physical science, classifying all objects of their perceptions with minute care. This system leads to many splendid results. Morrell considers M. Comte as the most brilliant of this school of philosophers.

But men soon find the shallowness of supposing all knowledge derived from sensations. As much at least depends upon the correctness of the eye that sees, as on the object that is seen. Hence men begin to analyze self and its volitious desires, perceiving and reflecting powers and propensities. This gives rise to *Idealism*, or the subjective philosophy, of which Berkeley may be considered the father, and which Hegel pushed out to such extremes.

The excesses of this subjective school give rise to a third, which may be called the *Skeptical*, which aims simply to discover how to disprove what is false, and thus separate truth from error. This is as necessary to the progress of the human mind as any other, but it is a state of mind and a system of philosophizing that cannot last long in any age or body of men. Doubt may be useful and necessary for a time, in order to sift out falsehood from truth, but the soul cannot feed upon negations, and the mind of a wise man will never be satisfied with simply exploding error.

Hence the minds of men rebound from this system of reasoning often into a fourth, that of *mysticism*, in which the voice of God as it stirs within a man's own soul, or speaks to him through nature, Providence, or grace, is recognized and sought for as the great final fountain of all knowledge. But the mystic soon clothes the fancies of his own imagination with the authority of the voice of God, and he is led into new extremes and errors, while also into the discovery thus of many new truths from the true light of God shining in his own soul.

At last having received various contributions from each of these modes of philosophizing, and seen each of them pushed to great and dangerous extremes, a new philosophy arises inevitably in this wise man's mind, the *eclectic*, which receives truth from every system, but allows none to become his exclusive guide at the expense of others. This selecting process, which has faith in all within their due and legitimate bounds, and in none beyond, becomes the final or resting state in which philosophy is kept pure and free from stagnation by an incessant activity within itself. M. Cousin is one of the most profound representatives of this school.

Each individual man will have his own peculiar tendencies and bias of education, and may be any one or all of these in turn. But there will be found in the human mind, as a whole, a tendency to philosophize in these five methods, and *in this succession*. This is according to Mr. Morell, the natural order of mental and moral progress in mankind, both individually and socially; and each man's mind operates truly in proportion as he conforms to this law, and unsoundly as it deviates.

THE NEW STAMP DUTIES.

The law in relation to stamp duties, under the act for Internal Revenue, is in operation. It is a most important law, affecting every one dealing in bonds, mortgages, legal writs, bank checks, policies of insurance, custom-house papers, and other documents of a legal and business character. All these instruments have to be stamped or they become null and void, and for every stamp there is a specified price. These stamps will be supplied by the Postmaster, as well as by the Internal Revenue Collectors at Government prices, in amounts not exceeding $100.

A law like this, affecting so many interests, and going into every individual's business, will raise a great many questions difficult of solution upon the instant. Many of these questions cannot be resolved in advance, but must wait till they arise, for a proper official solution. The authorities at Washington, however, should, as far as able, immediately give such instructions to those appointed to administer the act, as will facilitate their operations and explain to the public when and how the law applies, and in what instances it does not. Such instructions would be of general interest and information. The law requires the following articles to be stamped:

For a bank check or sight draft for an amount exceeding twenty dollars, a two cent stamp will be required; for a promissory note, or draft (other than sight,) stamps of various amounts, from five cents upwards, are required; a certificate of stock in an incorporated company, twenty-five cent stamp; of mutuals, twenty-five cents; a passage ticket to a foreign port fifty cents to one dollar; merchants and shippers have to pay stamp duties of from ten cents to one dollar on bills of lading, manifests for entry or clearance, certificate of damage, entry of goods at custom-house, &c.; for a protest of note, or marine protest, the stamp duty is twenty-five cents; on a deed of grant from fifty cents upwards; a lease on protest fifty cents to one dollar; a policy of insurance on life or property, will have from twenty-five cents to one dollar added to its cost in the way of a stamp; telegraphic despatches are taxed from one to three cents each; bonds and mortgages have to be stamped according to their amount, the lowest denomination of stamp for this purpose being fifty cents; probate of will, or letter of administration, pays a stamp duty of fifty cents upward, proportionate to the amount involved; while an express company's or "common carrier's" receipt is taxed from one to five cents. There are heavy penalties for "making, signing or issuing any instrument, document or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped," and the instrument or paper becomes invalid and of no effect from the want of such a stamp.

THE ENGLISH HARVEST.

The London Times, speaking of the harvests of 1862, says the results are very favorable. It is not quite an average crop, but it is very little short of the mark. What, with foreign and what with home produce, the granaries of the kingdom will soon be full. A correspondent of the same paper, who represents himself to have travelled over the greater part of England, says: The wheat crop will be from six to eight bushels below an average per acre, and of a shrivelled and inferior quality; the barley will be ten, and oats from four to six bushels below an average; that winter beans (which is an important auxiliary crop in England) are in many cases a total failure, and spring sown beans about an average crop; of peas there is a fair crop; of Swedish turnips, which are largely depended upon for fodder, only about half a crop; and of mangold-wurtzel two-thirds of a crop; potatoes are from ten to twenty per cent. above the average; meadow hay is abundant but badly secured; clover hay above an average and of good quality, and the pastures full of "keep," but poor and not of a very fattening quality. As a consequence, England will be in the market as a large purchaser, her consumption being estimated at *three hundred thousand bushels a day more than she can raise.* In France the crops are below an average. Portugal, Spain, Austria, are all rather short.

RETALIATORY MEASURES.—The rebel Congress is highly indignant over President Lincoln's emancipation measure, and have introduced resolutions of retaliation. One member was in favor of authorizing every citizen of the rebel States to put to death every Union soldier caught in arms in the rebel States. Another wanted the black flag raised, and a war of extermination. There has been a great deal of talk of the black flag, but a prudent regard by the rebels for their own lives has always postponed its production. They will not be in a hurry to inaugurate a war of extermination, though they may adopt measures of retaliation which will make it very uncomfortable to the prisoners they may hereafter take in battle. If it makes the Union soldiers resolve not to be taken, it will have a very good effect.

A CURIOUS CASE of suicide occurred at Niagara Falls a few days since. A little boy named Armstrong, aged nine years, was averse to attending school. His parents ordered him to go to school with an elder brother, but he steadily refused, and while his brother was trying to compel him to go, he stated that if he was compelled to go school he would jump into the canal and drown himself. Suiting the action to the word, he started on a run to the canal, and before he could be caught, jumped in and was drowned.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The Governor of New-York has issued an order directing the acceptance of volunteers for nine months until the draft is made.

The next steamer that leaves for the Gulf will take out sufficient funds to pay off the soldiers in that quarter.

Secretary Stanton has appointed Simeon Draper, of New York, Provost Marshal General of the War Department.

Gen. Morgan's (Union) forces have arrived at the Ohio from Cumberland Gap. Shelbyville has been evacuated by the rebels.

Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, is with his family, at Henderson, Herkimer County, New York. His health is not yet restored.

The rebel Breckinridge, with his command, is reported as on his way to Rienzi, to reinforce Price.

A man from Charleston says that the six hundred and thirty-two houses burned in the great fire have as yet been replaced by only ten small brick stores.

The Soules of New Orleans, before the war, had an income of $80,000 a year, and this is now reduced to a mere living on plain pork and flour.

Twenty-three thousand rebels are in Missouri, under Coffee, Shelby and others. The rebel General Rains is at Pea Ridge with a large force. Seventeen thousand are in reserve at Little Rock.

The storekeepers of Paris, Ky., sent their goods away to prevent them falling into the rebel hands. Two secessionists retained their stock and were bought out by the rebels, receiving rebel money in payment.

Some Connecticut soldiers, in camp near Hartford, recently rode a swindling sutler upon a rail and then baptized him in a slough-hole of mud and filth. It is believed his victims will not in future be among the military.

Nearly two full regiments have been raised among the Creoles in New Orleans, and the regiments brought there have been recruited, and this is proof that we have friends there, notwithstanding the denial that there are Union men South.

A skirmish took place on the 1st inst., at Floyd's Fork, Ky., between Gen. Gill's advance and about 2000 rebels. Our artillery scattered them. A skirmish also took place on the Bardstown road, ending in the repulse of the rebels with loss.

The Rochester Union is inclined to credit the report respecting the capture by the rebels of Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, from the fact that the managers of the State Fair, before whom Dr. Breckinridge was to deliver the address on Friday next, had not as yet received any word from him.

Gen. Halleck has issued a circular addressed to the Governors of States, recommending that all existing vacancies among the officers be filled immediately by the promotion of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates who have distinguished themselves in the field, or who have shown a capacity for military command.

Gov. Bradford, of Maryland, has issued an Executive Order, rendering the thanks of Maryland to Gen. McClellan and the officers and men under his command, and to Gov. Curtin and the Militia of Pennsylvania, for the prompt expulsion of the rebel army from Maryland; also thanking the Maryland troops engaged in the battles.

Good faith to the loyal citizens of the slave States, and our fair repute before the civilized world, require that every day of the next three months shall be turned to the very best account toward re-establishing the legitimate authority of the Constitution, and impressing the rebels with the conviction that all further resistance to it is sheer madness.

One gets an appalling idea of the sacrifices that have already been made to the Moloch of rebellion, by an official return of the Surgeon General at Richmond, who states that up to the present time one hundred thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been received in the hospitals of that one city alone.

The Granada Appeal of Sept. 24th reports that the famous rebel steamer "290" had met the Santiago de Cuba, one of the blockading squadron, and given her some hard blows. As Richmond papers of three or four days later date make no mention of the affair, it is safe to conclude that the story of the Appeal is a *canard*, particularly as no mention is made of the locality where the alleged engagement took place.

It is believed that General Lee has received heavy reinforcements from the conscript force now raising throughout Virginia. In some quarters the numbers of reinforcements thus received are stated at as high a figure as thirty thousand. Desertions of conscripts, however, are frequent, and it is doubted whether their presence in such large numbers in the rebel army is not an element of weakness rather than of strength.

A detachment of the First Arkansas Cavalry (Union), under the command of Captains Gilstray and Galloway, attacked Cassville, Mo., on the morning of the 31st ult., completely routing a rebel force of one hundred men, killing fifteen and taking nineteen prisoners, among them a Lieutenant, and capturing twenty horses, fifteen double shot guns, one revolving rifle, one Sharpe's rifle and a carbine. The number of the rebel wounded could not be ascertained. Our loss was one man killed, none wounded. Learning that a force of the enemy, reported to be 650 strong, and commanded by the notorious Col. Carroll, were endeavoring to get in their rear, the Arkansians returned to McCullough's by a circuitous route, and fell in with the rebel pickets, when the latter scattered, and falling back on their main body, the whole party dispersed.

Parties who arrived in Chicago on Monday state that one of the two companies of General Grant's body-gard, which was ordered to march by land from Corinth to Jackson, Tenn., was captured by the rebel cavalry, last week. The company, which was organized in Chicago, and belonged to the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, Col. Dickey, was commanded by Capt. Ford, and accompanied by a company of Ohio cavalry, When about half way from Corinth Miss., to their place of destination, the detachment was surrounded by rebel cavalry in greatly superior numbers and compelled to surrender. Capt. Ford and several of his men escaped and have arrived in Chicago. Some anxiety is felt in reference to the other company of Gen. Grant's body-guard. It is under the command of Capt. Ed. Osband, and had orders to march by the same route. Gen. Grant and Staff have been absent up the river for some days, and left St. Louis on Saturday to return to Corinth.

News from New Orleans to the 25th ult., and from Key West to the 29th, is received by the steamship Marion, which reached this port last night. The health of New Orleans continued good, and at Key West the yellow fever had entirely abated, and no further apprehension was felt. Gen. Butler had issued another important order to the inhabitants of his Department, which directed all persons, male and female, of the age of eighteen years and upward, who had not renewed their allegiance to the United States, to report themselves on or before the first day of October, to the nearest Provost Marshal, with a descriptive list of all their property and rights of property, made out and signed with the same particularity as for taxation. They were then to receive certificates as claiming to be enemies of the United States. Any person neglecting so to register themselves, would be subject to fine or imprisonment at hard labor, or both, and to have all his or her property confiscated. The time for taking the oath of allegiance was extended by the same order to the first inst.

THE INTERNAL TAX LAW.

LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER BOUTWELL.

The following letter is important, as it settles many hitherto disputed points as to the proper construction of certain clauses of the tax-bill:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C., Sept. 29, 1862.

Sir: Your letter of 27th is received. Nothing in the printed slips enclosed by you is official, or was authorized by me, except the letter to the Baltimore assessor.

I consider that a tavern keeper must be licensed as a retail liquor dealer in order to sell liquor. He is expressly permitted to sell cigars by article 16, section 16, and his tavern license enables him to "provide food and lodgings." I see no reason for subjecting him to an eating-house license.

Any person selling meat or produce at a stall or store should be considered a retail dealer.

Those who sell in wagons from house to house should be licensed as peddlers.

I have considered sailmakers as manufacturers.

If a person whose occupation is that of a retail dealer occasionally sells in original packages to *consumers*, he is not thereby required to take a license as a wholesale dealer; but if he sells in original packages or by the piece to those who buy to sell again, he must take license as a wholesale dealer.

I have decided that persons who are engaged in the production of the articles enumerated in the last part of section 75 are not considered manufacturers within the meaning of the act, and do not require to be licensed as *manufacturers*.

The provision in section 66, relating to manufacturers, does not apply to them, and they must be licensed as wholesale or retail dealers, as the case may be.

This decision involves bakers, millers and similar occupations.

Where bakers sell their bread from carts, a pedler's license should be taken out for the driver of each cart. Butchers' carts are subject to the same rule. Very respectfully,

GEO. S. BOUTWELL, Commissioner.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Worcester Transcript says that Mr. Josiah Conant, of Gardner, lost a cow last week by death, and upon examination a twelve-penny nail, three inches and a quarter in length, was found in her heart. It entered at one side and worked its way through, so that it came out on the opposite side, making a hole through the heart larger than a man's finger.

THE CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

BRILLIANT SKIRMISHES.

SIX HUNDRED REBELS CAPTURED.

The Rebel Morgan Repulsed.

A FIGHT EXPECTED AT BARDSTOWN.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 4.—The Southern telegraph line is now working to Franklin, Ky.

Clarke county advices say that Jack Bruner, with a company of rebels, went up the Red River to capture Jim Townsend's Home Guards; but the rebels were defeated, with great slaughter.

Gen. G. W. Morgan left only four guns at Cumberland Gap, and these had their trunnions knocked off previously.

Col. D. S. Bruce, son-in-law of Gen. Leslie Coombs, receives the highest commendation of military circles here for his operations at Bowling Green. The rebels burned the bridge near Osburn on Monday night. Bruce immediately sent thither the 17th Indiana and part of the 8th Kentucky, rebuilt the bridge, and routed the enemy at Russellville, killing and wounding 50 and taking 15 prisoners, 40 horses and saddles. He also routed a party at Glasgow, yesterday, taking 10 prisoners, including Lieut. Col. Crews, Capt. Brown and Lieut. Thomas.

A Portsmouth, Ohio, despatch to Gov. Robinson says that Gen. Morgan, with 1000 rebels, attacked the Carter county Home Guards yesterday, near Olive Hill. After several hours' severe skirmishing, Morgan was repulsed and several of his men killed. Morgan then retreated towards the Licking river, burning 35 houses on his way. Last night, Morgan returned to Olive Hill. Meanwhile Col. Seifert went to Portsmouth, and brought up 500 of the 117th Ohio.

Bardstown advices say that the rebels have from 30,000 to 35,000 men within a circle of eight miles in diameter around Bardstown. Our central advance was this afternoon four miles this side of Bardstown. They have been skirmishing and driving the rebels before them for the last three days. We have captured 600 prisoners.

It is said that Kirby Smith has arrived at Frankfort with 10,000 men, and that Humphrey Marshal is on the way with 5000. The rebels evidently mean to make a stand at Frankfort, and a battle at Bardstown is imminent.

The report of an anticipated fight at Mount Washington yesterday, arose from our forces shelling the woods as they advanced.

Bragg and Buckner left Danville for Lexington on Tuesday. Bragg was at Danville on Monday, and threatened to send every man who would not join the rebel army to the north of the Ohio.

The rebels are cutting new roads from Bardstown to Springfield and Lexington.

The leading rebels and officers of the rebel army are circulating the most absurd stories in the places occupied by them. For instance, they report that Gen. Nelson was killed because he supported President Lincoln's recent emancipation proclamation; that General Buell resigned because of that proclamation, but concluded to hold his position six days longer, in the hope that President Lincoln would annul that document.

The rebels are rigidly enforcing the rebel conscription act wherever they have temporary control.

REBEL EVACUATION OF BARDSTOWN.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 5.—The Louisville special despatch of the 2d concerning the taking of 500 rebels by Gen. Rousseau's division, was incorrect. It doubtless was based upon the fact that an entire Georgia regiment of cavalry, 360 strong, was captured early last week by Lieut. Col. Seward, of the 2d Indiana, commanding his own and the 2d and 3d Kentucky, which surrounded and completely surprised the rebels at breakfast. Col. Crawford, the commander, is an ex-Congressman and one of the Peace Commissioners to Washington. These prisoners reached here last evening.

The rebels, in large force, evacuated Bardstown yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Brig. Gen. Van Cleve, of Minnesota, leading the advance of Gen. Crittenden's corps, entered Bardstown last evening at 6 o'clock, eight hours after the evacuation thereof by the rebels, and were to pursue them this morning.

A rumor is prevalent here that Buell's Union force was attacked by Kirby Smith's rebel force at Hardinsville to-day, and driven back four miles. This last rumor is entirely discredited.

BATTLE AT CORINTH, TENN.

VAN DORN, PRICE AND LOVELL DEFEATED WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER.

The Rebel Dead and Wounded Left on the Field.

OUR FORCES IN PURSUIT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Official information has been received here, that the Rebels under Van Dorn, Price and Lovell, yesterday attacked our forces at Corinth, but were defeated with great slaughter, and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of battle. Our forces are in full pursuit.

CHICAGO, Saturday, Oct. 4.—Despatches from Cairo to-night state that a battle has been raging in the vicinity of Corinth since yesterday morning. At three o'clock this afternoon, the date of the latest report from Bethel, the cannonading was still heard. The communication is now cut off at Bethel, consequently we are unable to obtain any particulars. Bethel is twenty miles this side of Corinth.

CAIRO, Oct. 5.—Glorious news has been received from Corinth, Mississippi. The rebels have been completely routed, and are retreating. Their loss has been very heavy. Our loss is also very large.

Gen. Dodge sent a message from Columbus, to prepare for a large number of wounded.

Generals Price, Van Dorn and Lovell were in command of the rebels, who numbered ninety thousand.

Our troops are said to have behaved nobly.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CAPTURE OF A COMPANY OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA.

A REBEL ENCAMPMENT WITH TWO GUNS CAPTURED.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS, Oct. 5.—A company of the 54th Pennsylvania regiment, who were guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge, at Payppay, about half way between Hancock and Cumberland, were yesterday attacked by a rebel force and all taken prisoners. At the same time, a cavalry force, under Col. McReynolds, captured the encampment of the rebels and brought away two pieces of artillery, ten wagons and sixty horses and a number of mules. A strong cavalry force, under Gen. Averill, has been sent in pursuit of the rebel force.

Lieut. Col. Colburn, of Gen. McClellan's staff, was the recipient, yesterday, of a handsome military outfit. The donor was Col. Wm. B. Astor, a volunteer aid to the General during the campaign in the Peninsula.

THE NELSON-DAVIS AFFAIR.

THE PARTICULARS OF THE AFFRAY—GENERAL NELSON'S DYING WORDS.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept. 30.]

This city was yesterday morning startled at the telegraphic announcement that Major Gen. Wm. Nelson had been shot and killed by Brig. General Jefferson C. Davis, of Indiana. The brief despatches of the affray gave rise to much speculation as to the origin and cause of the affray, and as the day wore away the anxiety increased to learn the particulars. In order that the reader may be fully acquainted with all the facts, we will give them from the very first acquaintance of Gen. Davis with General Nelson.

When the alarm was raised in Louisville that the enemy were marching on that city, General Davis, who could not reach his command under Gen. Buell, then at Bowling Green, went to Gen. Nelson and tendered his services. Gen. Nelson gave him the command of the city militia so soon as they were organized. General Davis opened an office and went to work in assisting in the organization. On Wednesday last General Davis called upon General Nelson in his room at the Galt House, in Louisville, when the following took place:

General Davis—I have the brigade, General, you assigned me ready for service, and have called to inquire if I can obtain arms for them.

General Nelson—How many men have you?

Davis—About twenty-five hundred men, General.

Nelson (roughly and angrily)—About twenty-five hundred! about twenty-five hundred! By God! You a regular officer and come here to me and report about the number of men in your command. God d—n you, don't you know, sir, you should furnish me the exact number?

Davis—General, I didn't expect to get the guns now, and only wanted to learn if I could get them, and where, and having learned the exact number needed, would then draw them.

Nelson (pacing the room in a rage)—About two thousand five hundred. By God, I suspend you from your command and order you to report to General Wright, and I have a d—d mind to put you under arrest. Leave my room, sir.

Davis—I will not leave, General, until you give me an order.

Nelson—The hell you won't. By God, I'll put you under arrest and send you out of the city under a Provost-Guard. Leave my room, sir.

General Davis left the room, and, in order to avoid an arrest, crossed the river to Jeffersonville, where he remained until the next day, when he was joined by General Burbridge, who had also been relieved by General Nelson for a trivial cause. General Davis came to Cincinnati with General Burbridge, and reported to General Wright, who ordered General Davis to return to Louisville and report to General Buell, and General Burbridge to remain in Cincinnati. General Davis returned on Friday morning and reported to General Buell. Nothing further occurred until yesterday morning, when General Davis, seeing General Nelson in the main hall of the Galt House, fronting the office, went up to Governor Morton and requested him to step up with him to General Nelson and witness the conversation that might pass between General Nelson and him. The Governor consented, and the two walked up to General Nelson, when the following took place:

General Davis—Sir, you seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day.

General Nelson (sneeringly, and placing his hand to his ear)—Speak louder, I don't hear very well.

Davis (in a louder tone)—You seemed to take advantage of your authority the other day.

Nelson (indignantly)—I don't know that I did, sir.

Davis—You threatened to arrest and send me out of the State under a Provost Guard.

Nelson (striking Davis with the back of his hand twice in the face)—There, damn you, take that.

Davis (retreating)—This is not the last of it; you will hear from me again.

General Nelson then turned to Gov. Morton, and said, "By God, did you come here also to insult me?"

Governor Morton—No, sir; but I was requested to be present and listen to the conversation between you and General Davis.

General Nelson (violently to the bystanders)—Did you hear the damned rascal insult me? and then walked into the ladies' parlor.

In three minutes General Davis returned, with a pistol he had borrowed of Captain Gibson, of Louisville, and walking towards the door that Nelson had passed through, he saw Nelson walking out of the parlor into the hall separating the main hall from the parlor. The two were face to face, and about ten yards apart, when General Davis drew his pistol and fired, the ball entering Nelson's heart, or in the immediate vicinity.

General Nelson threw up both hands and caught a gentleman around the neck and exclaimed, "I'm shot." He then walked up the flight of stairs towards Gen. Buell's room, but sank on the top of the stairs, and was unable to proceed further. He was then conveyed to his room, and when laid on his bed requested that the Rev. Mr. Talbott, an Episcopal clergyman stopping in the house, might be sent to him at once. The reverend gentleman arrived in about five minutes.

Mr. Talbott found General Nelson extremely anxious as to his future welfare, and deeply penitent about the many sins he had committed. He knew that he must die immediately, and requested that the ordinance of baptism might be administered, which was done.

The General then whispered "It's all over," and died in fifteen minutes after he was conveyed to his room. His death was easy, the passing away of his spirit as though the General had fallen into a quiet sleep.

His remains will lay in state to-day, and his funeral, we understand, will take place to-morrow afternoon.

Gen. Davis immediately gave himself up to the military authorities, and is at the Galt House under military arrest, to await a trial by court martial, which will probably be convened in a few days.

The article of war under which Gen. Davis will be arraigned reads as follows:

Article 9.—Any officer or soldier who shall strike his superior officer or draw or lift up any weapon or offer any violence against him, being in the execution of his office, on any pretence whatsoever, or shall disobey any lawful command of his superior officer, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall, according to the nature of his offence, be inflicted upon him by the sentence of a court martial.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF SECESSION.

LETTER OF A NORTH CAROLINA FATHER TO A CONSCRIPT SON.

The Washington Republican has received from Capt. Harrover, of the Second District regiment, a letter, taken from the body of a rebel soldier in one of the late battles in Maryland, which has been forwarded for publication. We make the following extracts from this epistle, which illustrate one phase of this wicked rebellion. We omit names and particular localities, so as not to involve the writer in difficulty:

——, North Carolina, July 4, 1862.

My dear Son: * * * I hope these lines will find you doing as well as a poor soldier can. I have good news to write to you. We have examined your age, and find you were born on the 18th of July, 1844, consequently the conscript law won't catch you. Show the enclosed certificate of your age to your Colonel, and come home, as you have a right. They say they have pressed all over and under the conscript age for ninety days longer. When that is out, come home, for you have as good a right to come as any of the rest. Though, I suppose, they will make some other law to hold you if they can, for they have broken *three* pledges already:—1. To let you all come home when your twelve months were out. 2. If you would enlist, they would give all furloughs to come home. 3. On the 1st they would let off all under and over age. They have not and will not fulfil one of these solemn pledges. They are not going to do anything they say they will, if they can help it, for they know they are badly whipped. Now they are conscripting. The conscripts are here by the hundred men you ever saw. They say they don't intend to fight. They can make them go, but they can't make them fight. The most of them say they intend to go to the North the first chance; and I don't blame them, for there is no justice in such a war. There never will be peace till they kill off all the men, or they all repudiate and come home; for it is given up by all the smartest men in this country that the North will whip—and the sooner the better. I don't want you to fire another gun at the North, if you can help it. Do like some of the rest—shirk out of it. They say it is no disgrace.

I heard this evening that —— started this morning for the army. He has gone after his son D—. He says he is under age, and he will fetch him home to stay. * * * There are about 900 men at Warm Springs now, in camp. They are drilling every day. * * *

I can't tell you anything about my feelings. Nobody knows my troubles but myself. Your poor father has a great deal on him, as your sisters' families are now on my hands, since their husbands have gone to the war. There is a great deal of sickness here. J—— L—— has not gone yet. He has been trying to get somebody to go in his place, and failing in that, he made an effort to get appointed deputy postmaster, and various other ways to get himself exempt. He says the Yankees will never get a pop at him. He and old G—— are the very men who ought to go, but they are the last who will. * * Since I began this letter, I have ascertained that your Colonel has a perfect right to let you off, on ascertaining your age, so, my dear son, I have great hopes of seeing you in a very short time. You will have to pay back your bounty money before you can get off.

Your brother and sisters send their best love to you. Write soon and let us know what your Colonel says.

We still remain, as ever, your affectionate father and mother until death.

In vain will the true-hearted father, mother, and dear friends look for the coming of the "dear boy." "Broken pledges" sent the son to the bloody field of death. Waiting hearts, which beat high with the hope of a speedy return of the loved one, will wait in vain. Hope, fear, doubt, and despair will follow each other, as the intelligence of "missing" is brought home. The bitter words of the father, "There is no justice in such a war," will burn into the hearts of many bereaved ones, who reflect for a moment on the cause of all this.

FIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS.

ATTACK ON A BOAT EXPEDITION AT MILFORD HAVEN—THE REBELS DRIVEN OFF—RESCUE OF UNION REFUGEES.

On Tuesday night the gunboat Resolute and mortar-boat No. 10, whilst cruising on Chesapeake Bay, had a sharp engagement with a party of guerrillas. The officers having reason to suspect that some boats were lying in Milford Haven, Mathews county, Virginia, which were used in smuggling goods and passengers across from the Maryland shore, fitted out a boat expedition, consisting of a cutter and gig from the mortar-boat, under command of Captain Savage, and a gig from the Resolute, the party consisting of thirty armed men.

The night was very dark, and after cruising about a while, the boats got on shore, not more than thirty feet from the rebels. In attempting to get them off, about forty guerrillas appeared on the shore, and, with muskets levelled, the commander demanded of them an immediate surrender. Capt. Savage ordered his men to defend themselves, when a volley of balls whistled around the boat, one of which passed through the clothing of the Captain, but none of the men were struck. The volley was immediately returned from the boat, when one of the rebels cried out as if wounded, and fell back to the woods. Our men continued to fire until their boats were extricated, and on reaching their vessels they threw a number of shells into the woods.

On Wednesday morning Captain Savage landed with a boat's crew, and searched several houses in the vicinity, captured some important papers, and very nearly captured

ARMY AND NAVY.

ARRIVAL OF THE ALABAMA.—The U. S. steam gunboat Alabama arrived at the Navy Yard last week, from Port Royal, which place she left on Monday afternoon. The Alabama left the Brooklyn Navy Yard one year ago, and since then has been engaged in the blockading service, part of the time off the Florida coast, and latterly off Charleston. In her year's service she has made several captures of vessels attempting to run the blockade, which were sent north. Among the vessels left at Port Royal were the Wabash, Vermont, Release, Potomska and Mohawk. There had not been any sickness among the crews of the vessels at Port Royal so far as was known. No news is brought by the Alabama of any naval operations of interest. Everything was quiet at Port Royal. The gunboat comes here for repairs, which she is said to need very much. She brings as passengers, a number of discharged sailors and others. Lieut. Truxton is in command; the Executive officer is Lieut. S. F. West; Acting Masters, Dennis, Billings, Taylor and Lee.

SAILED.—The U. S. steam gunboat Quaker City sailed for Port Royal on Sunday afternoon. This vessel came here for repairs several months ago, and she goes out in a condition to be serviceable on the blockade. The following is a list of her officers:—Commander, J. Madison Fraley; Lieutenants, S. L. Breese. B. J. Cromwell; Acting Master, Henry S. Blanchard; Acting Paymaster, H. J. Bullay; Acting Surgeon, John J. Brownlee; Acting Chief Engineer, Geo. W. Furrur; Commander's Clerk, Wm. B. H. Frailey; Acting Ensigns, Theo. F. De Luce and Abraham Delano, jr.; Acting Master's Mates, Charles A. Crawford, E. H. Deweyard and E. Hale; Gunner, Daniel Dinsmore; Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Jas. Barnes, H. M. Ginness, H. Wanklin, John F. King and J. Prothers; Paymaster's Clerk, A. Nodine.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 8, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subsbription to the Dollar Newspaper.

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"MY WIFE," by W. G. Stewart, is at hand, and has been filed for publication.

"OUR FLAG," a patriotic poem, by H. L. M., we shall endeavor to make room for soon.

INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

Parents, especially if wealthy, are anxious for their children to have all the intellectual advantages which they can in any way procure for them, without considering how much more important than any outward advantages, are those inward dispositions and principles of improving the opportunities they possess. A boy can only profit by those advantages which he has the capacity to seize and appropriate. For average boys, ordinary colleges and schools are as valuable as the best, and often prove better, because the mind of the student is not diverted with so great a variety of temptations, the instructor having a more direct and personal influence over the mind and heart of the pupil.

Let it be considered that no student ought to have more than three distinct studies on the same day, and never more than four or five in the same session. If he perfectly masters the pages of his text book so as to get out all the ideas contained in it in their due order, his mind has thereby made all the progress that the highest wisdom can possibly confer upon him in the hours of study. If the teacher thoroughly understands that text book, and knows how to inspire an interest in its study, and an understanding of all the truths it contains, though he may be quite ignorant of a thousand other things, and in fact of all other things beside, he may yet do his work as faithfully and as perfectly as though he were the wisest man on earth. He will even fulfil the work of a teacher of that work more perfectly than many instructors in the most advanced institutions to whom the instructions they give have become so commonplace that they do not take care to see that the pupil thoroughly and completely masters every idea. No doubt in laying out the scheme of study much wisdom is necessary, but the wisdom which guides one institution sets the example for others. Strength of mind and common sense will prove valuable and necessary everywhere, and most of all in forming the minds of pupils. But with these things, to see that a boy is prepared by capacity and previous training to appropriate the thoughts of his three daily text-books, and that he thoroughly masters the lesson of the day, and is not diverted from it by any other subjects, will do the most that can possibly be done for the education of that pupil in that time. A library as large as that of Harvard or Yale, and professors as numerous and learned, cannot help that process beyond a certain point. Where, indeed, a student's mind is so thoroughly prepared that he can profitably follow out the train of thought suggested by his text book to all its ramifications in literature and science, a large library, valuable apparatus, and professors who can foster and lead out the thought of the pupil, are invaluable. But this is not the case in one student out of a hundred.

During the formative period of the student character, diversion from all side courses is the great matter to be considered. *Consecutive* thinking is the habit to be formed, and this art and habit depends less upon external advantages and more upon sound health, regular habits, and severe personal application, for about two hours at a time, to a given text book so that every thought in it is mastered and fixed in the mind, than anything else. To give a youth the appropriate capacity, to perceive and reason out, from the simplest things the profoundest truths, is the great difficulty. No money can buy this wisdom; it is the patient work of years and love and thought and knowledge combined. Its foundations are often laid before the letters of the alphabet are taught, and a mother's strong, clear, affectionate patience will often impart it to the child, while tutors and colleges and wealth will fail to impart it, where there is neglect at home. Newton learned truths from the fall of an apple, and Franklin taught lessons with a kite and key, that have produced more other knowledge than ages had taught before. Let no man despair because his advantages are so small; it is the capacity to use advantages that will measure his success in life. There is hardly a village in the United States but possesses sufficient means of education, in the form of teachers or of books, to discipline the mind of a youth to the highest degree, if such advantages should be only faithfully and economically used. It is the custom of faithfully using these which constitute that "intellectual atmosphere" which is the life of all improvement, the breath of the soul.

CONSOLATION UNDER DEFEAT.

The man who can extract comfort from misfortune, is a philosopher. The Richmond Inquirer has evidently found such a man as its editor. He is not only finding comfort himself in the fact that Gen. Lee is on the wrong side of the Potomac for a successful General, but he is endeavoring to convince the skeptical in Richmond that his being there is not defeat, but a deep game of strategy. The difference on one side of the river or the other is "only an hour's march." Therefore, says the Richmond scribe:

"*Let our people be composed, and patient, and cheerful. Retreats are often stimulated.* They are like the crouch before the spring of the lion. They may be but the running start of the reaper. Let us be confiding where confidence has been so well earned. So long as Gen. Lee is cheerful and content, and his army in good spirits, we shall see in these facts abundant reason why we should be so likewise."

A few days ago, and nothing less than the occupation of Pennsylvania and the capture of Philadelphia would satisfy the Richmond editor; now he finds glory enough in the capture of Harper's Ferry, and argues that this was the only purpose of going into Maryland, for

"In military operations the most circuitous route may be the shortest way to accomplish an object. It was not a step toward invading Pennsylvania, nor yet was it made only to raise Maryland. The *real objects* were the capture of the Yankee force at Harper's Ferry and the drawing of McClellan out of Washington, and incidentally the rousing of Maryland."

They succeeded certainly in drawing McClellan out of Washington, but Lee by this time doubtless wishes he had let McClellan remain there. His going out has spoiled a very pretty plan of invasion, and has not contributed in the least to Lee's getting into the Capital. We imagine the Richmond public who were expecting so much from Lee's invasion of Maryland, will scarcely extract as much comfort from his defeat as the Richmond editor.

HOW THE EMPEROR SUPPRESSES THEM.—The War Department at Washington, when it wished to suppress the publication of telegraphic news, warned the newspapers not to print it, and held up the terrors of arrest for disobedience. The French Government understands this thing better. When it wants to control the press, it warns the news agents by telegraph, and threatens them with punishment. This is striking at the root of the evil. If the news agents do not send, the press cannot publish the news. Napoleon's Minister has just given an order to the news agents by telegraph in Paris, and the director of the agency announces that he cannot supply the press with any further information.

THE UNION REVERSES IN EUROPE.

Arrivals from Europe bring over the comments of the English and French papers upon Pope's campaign. The secessionists in Europe are in high glee over the Union reverses. The Times, Post and Herald praise the courage and tenacity of the Union troops, but it is evident that they do this only to exalt the military superiority of the rebels. We will see what their comments will be upon the military skill and strategy which drove the rebels out of Maryland. The great battle of Antietam will be slurred over by them as of less significance than the battle of Manassas. All the facts and occurrences of our war are made subservient to the one great purpose the secessionists in Europe have in view—the breaking up of the Republic, as a power most dangerous to the domination of Europe in the affairs of the world. No change of circumstances in the rebellion alters this purpose in our enemies abroad, and so marked is the partisanship, and so unfair against the Union the comments of the English press, that the opinions of the leading papers in that country have ceased to have respect or consideration in this. We read their opinions with the same indifference as we read the paid advertisements in an electioneering contest, seeing their intensely partisan character, and knowing the selfish motives which lie at the bottom of them. There is one thing, however, very manifest in the English journals. As the power and resources of our Government, and the spirit of our people are developed in war, they both command a great deal more of respect abroad. Though there is a great clamor for recognition, yet the French and English Governments appear to be in no hurry to recognize the rebels as an independent Government, especially as there is another great Union army being organized, which indicates that the fight is not yet over. As for intervention the prospect for it is less and less cheering, and what was to be accomplished a year ago with a force of twenty thousand English and French, is now confessed to be unattainable with a force of an hundred thousand such troops. A few months more of warfare, and the European journals will think treble that number would scarcely accomplish anything with a people who can put over a million of men into the field. So far, then, as recognition is concerned, the time has not yet come for it. Intervention may be dismissed from our apprehensions, and as for the disparaging remarks of the aristocratic and monarchical press, we expect them, and have long since set them down as things of but little consequence to us.

THE GREAT BATTLE—ITS LOSSES.

Gen. McClellan's official report of the Battle of Antietam, unlike those of the battles of the Chickahominy, is permitted to be published. The record shows it to be the most fatal conflict which has yet occurred, the losses on the Union side being over 12,000 and that of the rebels over 25,000. This disparity in the losses of the respective armies does not appear very extraordinary, as the advantage of artillery was on the side of our army, and the rebel generals themselves speak of it as being terribly effective. The campaign in Maryland has caused the rebels a loss of 30,000 men, and of our army a loss of over 14,000. This is an awful destruction of life in one week, and it fully explains why the rebels retreated and why our troops have not been able to advance. The rebels have retreated to recuperate and supply with fresh troops the losses they have sustained, a difficult task for them, and only to be accomplished under the rigid conscription they put in force, taking every man they can find across the Potomac, who is able to bear a gun. The losses we have sustained requires re-organization and re-officering many of the regiments. The new regiments will enable our commander to supply his losses more quickly than can the rebels, and hence he will be able sooner to take the field for offensive operations. The battle of Antietam will take its place in history as one of the important battles of the world, fought with stubbornness and resolution on both sides, not excelled in the annals of war, between armies of a size rarely called into action, managed with great skill and science, ending in a triumph for the Union arms.

KEEP TO THE LEFT!

Can anybody give a reason for the custom prevalent in this country, of requiring carriages and other vehicles to "keep to the right" when meeting each other on the highway? We noticed that in England, "keep to the left" is the rule, and a very proper custom it is, for this reason: The driver, if he carry and use a whip, must necessarily sit upon the right side of the vehicle, if any one sit with him. If now when passing another team, he keep to the *left*, he can readily see how much he must turn out to avoid clashing of wheels. The same is the case with the driver whom he meets. If, on the contrary, they both take the "right" in meeting, they can neither of them see the wheels coming nearest together. They must therefore both turn out further than actually needed, or run the risk of clashing. A few inches, more or less, in a narrow road, or in a crowded city street, is often of much importance. A moment's thought will convince any one that "keeping to the left" is much the better way. In some States, there are laws requiring teams upon the road to take the right. In others custom regulates the matter. The reason we have given above is sufficiently important to warrant a change in the custom, and in the laws where they exist. The "American Agriculturist" proposes that the change be inaugurated without delay. It may seem odd, or left-handed, but that is all a mere fancy, while many a clash and crash would be avoided by the proposed change.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

The State election in Pennsylvania takes place on the 14th instant. The following are the candidates for Congress in the several districts, as far as ascertained; those marked with a star being members of the present House:

District.	*Union.*	*Democrats.*
1.	Edw. G. Webb, Doug.	Samuel J. Randall.
2.	Charles O'Neill, Rep.	*Charles J. Biddle.
3.	Leonard Myers, Rep	John Kline.
4.	Wm. D. Kelley,	James B. Nicholson.
5.	M. Russell Thayer, "	Charles W. Carrigan.
6.	David Krauss, Doug.	*John D. Stiles.
7.	J. M. Bromall, People.	George A. McCall.
8.	Joel B. Wanner, Doug.	*Sydenham E. Ancona.
9.	Thad. Stevens, Rep.	George M. Steinman.
10.	*James H. Campbell.	George M. Steinman.
11.	No nomination.	*Philip Johnson.
12.	*Galusha A. Grow, Rep.	Charles Denison.
13.	— Landon.	H. M. Tracy.
14.	Jno. J. Patterson, Rep.	William H. Miller.
15.	No nomination.	A. J. Glossbrenner.
16.	*Ed. McPherson, Rep.	*Joseph Bailey.
17.	*S. Steele Blair.	A. H. Coffroth.
18.	Wm. H. Armstrong.	Archibald McAllister.
19.	Geni W. Scofield.	No nomination.
20.	Amos Myers, Rep.	Milton C. Cartright.
21.	William Stewart, Rep.	Gaylord Church.
22.	*Jas. K. Moorhead, R.	John L. Dawson.
23.	Thomas Williams.	George P. Hamilton.
24.	*John W. Wallace.	Jacob Zeigler.
		*Jesse Lazear.

THE MEDALS FOR NAVAL HEROES.

The last Congress authorized the preparation of two hundred medals of honor for petty officers, seamen and landsmen in the navy who should distinguish themselves for bravery, and $1600 was appropriated for that purpose. The Department has received three of the medals as specimens from the Philadelphia Mint, where they are manufactured. They are in bronze, silver and gold, beautifully and elaborately executed. The diameter is about two inches, in the form of a star, with five points; within the circular border is the representation of a male figure in relief, with a serpent in each hand; his attitude and countenance expressive of discomfiture by the appearance of the Genius of Liberty, who, with an air of apparent calmness, but firmness, interposes her shield as a defence from his designs. The medal is surmounted by an anchor, above which is a buckle, and at the termination of a strip of woven silk, the colors arranged after the manner of those of the American flag, is a pin for the attachment of this mark of honor to the breast.

WHAT THEY EXPECTED.—A Richmond paper, speaking of the necessity and importance of the rebel army getting into Pennsylvania, where the fat farms would give them plenty of provender, treats of the movement, also, as a political measure. There will be no peace, it says, till the Lincoln administration is overthrown, or till each State is made to feel the evils of war, and seek to establish peace with the "Confederacy" in detail. By occupying Pennsylvania and making it feel these evils, it would be soon brought to desire peace, and the "Confederacy" would relent and take it in when it made the application. Another purpose of the invasion was to seize the railways, cut the connection between the East and West, separate the North-Western States from the Eastern States, and get possession of a harbor on Lake Erie, so as to receive supplies from Canada. The line across to Lake Erie was to be maintained by military camps. The fact that Pennsylvania turned out within a single week almost a hundred thousand men to defend her soil, may suggest a possible change in this programme. The possibility of the rebels maintaining a fortified line to Lake Erie, in a State which has over three hundred thousand fighting men in it, seems to be a difficulty for which the Richmond editor has no practical solution.

THE STEAM MAN-OF-WAR IRONSIDES.—This ship, which left this port last week, was taken to Hampton Roads, where, it is understood, she will remain for the present, to relieve the Minnesota. Mr. W. S. Fuller, the pilot, who took her round to the Roads, speaks very highly of her sea-going qualities, which were tested by a heavy gale, which came on soon after she passed out of the Bay. He describes her as a very lively ship, of easy and moderate roll, and one that he would "go to sea in just as soon as the best ship he ever saw." She carries too much canvass for her spars, but this will be reduced. Her engines worked admirably. The ship and machinery seem to be in excellent trim, and ready for any duty which may be assigned her. She draws but fourteen feet of water in her present condition, which would not be too great for a visit to Fort Darling if the Navy Department desired to put her to duty there.

NAVAL APPOINTMENT.—Commander David D. Porter has been appointed an Acting Rear Admiral, commanding the mortar fleet.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, the engagement of Miss Bateman has proved a decided success—so far as regards the treasury of the house. Her performance of "The Hunchback" crowded the theatre every night to its utmost capacity. She was admirably supported by Mr. Adams as "Clifford," Mr. Wallack as "Master Walter," Mrs. Drew as "Helen," and Frank Drew as "Modus." These parts were all well filled, and, with the admirable text of the play, contributed quite as much to the success of the evening's entertainment as any merit in the efforts of Miss Bateman in the character of "Julia." This star is yet a novice as an actress in her present line of characters. She has advantages of person, voice, stage movement, and, what is equally essential, she has the advantage of a father, who knows both his and her business, in her present position on the stage. But, notwithstanding all these, there is scarcely an act, or a scene in which she does not force the unpleasant fact upon the more critical of her auditors that she is *only acting*. She, as yet, lacks the *abandon* that gives to the mimic scene the reality of life and nature.

At the *Walnut* Street Theatre, Mr. E. Eddy, in his engagement, last week, gave the patrons of the house a most agreeable surprise. He is a most excellent melo-dramatic actor; easy, effective, natural; and it is much to be regretted that his excellence is not more thoroughly appreciated. It must, however, be a source of gratification to him and his friends that he has won the favorable regard of those whose opinions are most to be desired, and he may, at some future time, return to reap the fruits of the seeds of a reputation now sown. Mr. Eddy has not had, in several instances, the efficient support that he should have had. He will perform through the present week, and in a new programme every night.

At the *Academy of Music*, the Ravels commenced an engagement on Monday evening. Gabriel made his first appearance in three years. The prodigy, "Young America," is even more wonderful than he has been represented. The "Ravels" are accompanied by a well selected dramatic company, under the management of Mr. Wheatley. It includes H. Placide, Barrett, Mary Wells, etc.

The *Eleventh Street Opera House*, under the efficient management of Messrs. Carncross and Dixey, has become a Philadelphia institution. To laugh and grow fat, it is only necessary to visit the Eleventh Street Opera House.

The showman, Dan Rice, took such a hold upon the affections of the Canadians by his exhibitions that when he left Kingston last Saturday night for Oswego, a salute of seven guns was fired from Fort Federick in his honor.

LITERARY RECORD.

Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have in this little volume an interesting narrative of personal adventures in various services in Rebeldom, with an exhibition of the power, purposes, earnestness, military despotism and demoralization of that region of country, as seen, felt and appreciated by "An Impressed New Yorker." This work has an air of candor about it, and claims to give a truthful review of this stupendous rebellion, which cannot be satisfactorily obtained by one standing in the North and looking at it only with loyal feelings and natural though prejudicial impulses. While it is apparent from the details of the narrative that the writer has no cause to love the Confederate usurpation, he has nevertheless, most studiously refrained from abusive and denunciatory epithets against persons.

The North American Review, for October, is at hand, and for sale by W. B. Zieber. It opens with an able and interesting review of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," and is followed with a learned article on "the Jews of Palestine," followed by others no less commanding and learned on "Narcotics," and "The Conduct of the War." The number is a capital one.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

The Governor of New York has appointed the 27th of November as a day of thanksgiving.

☞ The first frost in Chicago this season occurred last Wednesday.

☞ Brigadier-General Rodman has died of wounds received at the battle of Antietam.

☞ Ex-United States Senator J. W. Miller, of New Jersey, died on Tuesday evening.

☞ George Middleton, of Monmouth, N. J., has been nominated to represent the Second Congressional district of that State in Congress.

☞ A rod produced blossoms when held in the hand of Aaron. A birch rod produces handsome fruit in the hand of the schoolmaster.

☞ Women are apt to make darlings of their ugliest thoughts as they do of their deformed children.

☞ Many books are like the one eaten by St. John; they are sweet to the taste, but make the stomach bitter.

☞ Vanity Fair asks the War Department—"Did the rebels find their way to Maryland Heights by means of a Ford?"

☞ The drought in the West has destroyed the corn crop near Cincinnati, and throughout a considerable part of Indiana.

☞ A woman was convicted at New Haven last week as a "common scold," under the old blue law, which applies only to females.

☞ Mrs. Lincoln's brother was *not* elected to Congress from Dakota. One Billy Jayne was the successful candidate.

☞ Two deserters from the fourth battalion of the Sixtieth Canadian Rifles were recently sentenced to fifteen years' penal service. Rather severe.

☞ If you want to have a man for your friend, never incur the ill will of his wife. Public opinion in a great measure depends on the average prejudice of womankind.

☞ A letter found on a dead Georgia soldier at Antietam, from Thomas county, Ga., Aug. 16th, says: "People are tired of the war—the Union men are coming out every day."

☞ The New Haven Journal and Courier says the draft in that State has been almost a farce; very few towns have done their duty under it.

☞ Sick soldiers in the Washington hospitals complain that more anxiety is manifested for their souls than their bodies. They think there are other things in life more desirable than tracts.

☞ The rebel Congress is agitating the subject of the temporary removal of negroes from all war threatened districts. They say wherever the Union armies have advanced the negroes have been swept off as clean as a grain field after locusts.

☞ The French Emperor and Empress attended a bull-fight at Bayonne last month. The banderilleros, the matadors and two-legged beasts are described as brave enough, but the four-legged ones were tame and died without showing fight.

☞ What a world this world would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakspeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man a hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

☞ A San Francisco paper describes the fate of a negro passenger on the Golden Gate by stating that he filled two carpet-bags with plunder from the burning boat, then jumped everboard, and the weight of his treasures *anchored him* securely alongside the ship. He died well off pecuniarily.

☞ There were 283 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 145 were adults and 138 children. There were 29 from consumption of the lungs; 7 from convulsions; 11 from diptheria; 7 from diarrhœa; 8 from debility; 18 from typhoid fever; 12 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus, and 30 from gunshot wounds.

☞ By the arrival at New York of the steamer Philadelphia from Havana we have later news from Mexico. The vomito was making dreadful havoc at Vera Cruz, and the French were suffering severely. Many physicians have died, and only two are left in the whole fleet. Great anxiety was felt for a French convoy with a million dollars, intended for the payment of the troops at Orizaba, which had not arrived, though ten days overdue.

☞ Speaking of the death of the son of Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, the Newburyport Herald says: "The miseries of this war are scarcely felt by us; but its desolations and calamities along the line of division are terrible to think of. It is impossible for any but the Border States men to know what this war is; they are the sufferers, and they are the men above all others who should have weight in the Councils that determine this matter."

☞ At a meeting of the Philadelphia City Councils, on Thursday last, the bill appropriating $50,000 additional for defence and protection of the city was returned by the Mayor. A bill was offered and referred to authorize the purchase of a five and three-quarter acre lot of ground, in the First Ward, for prison purposes. Bills for the repaving of various streets were passed. An ordinance authorizing a loan of $100,000 for State defence was reported from the Finance Committee. A resolution of thanks to McClellan and the army was passed.

MILITARY JEALOUSIES.—It is said that the trouble between Generals Nelson and Davis, which caused the death of the former, had its origin in military jealousy, as Davis was pressed by Gov. Morton to a higher command, probably to supersede Buell. The Governors of several of the States are accused of intermeddling with the military commands and insisting upon changes not deemed proper by the War Department. The Governors ought to be told to mind their own business, and see that they get the troops asked for promptly into the field, without intriguing for special commands for special favorites. In the first task they can be of great assistance to the Government, in the last they can do nothing but mischief.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

THE GREAT VICTORY AT CORINTH, MISS.

Official Despatches from General Grant.

THE FIGHTING ON SUNDAY.

GEN. ORD DRIVES THE REBELS ACROSS THE HATCHIE.

TWO BATTERIES CAPTURED.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The following despatches have been received at the Head-Quarters of the Army:

[FIRST DESPATCH.]

GEN. GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, JACKSON, Tenn., Oct. 5—8 A. M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army:—

Yesterday, the rebels, under Van Dorn, Price and Lovell, were repulsed from their attack on Corinth, with great slaughter.

The enemy are in full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Rosecrans' telegraphs that the loss is serious on our side, particularly in officers, but bears no comparison with that of the enemy.

Gen. Hackleman fell while gallantly leading his brigade.

Gen. Oglesby is dangerously wounded.

McPherson reached Corinth with his command yesterday.

Rosecrans pursued the retreating enemy this morning, and should they attempt to move towards Bolivar, will follow them to that place.

Hurlburt is at the Hatchie river with 5000 or 6000 men, and is no doubt with the pursuing column.

From seven hundred to one thousand prisoners, besides the wounded, are left in our hands.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

[SECOND DESPATCH.]

GEN. GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
JACKSON, Tenn., Oct. 5, 1862.

To Major-General HALLECK, General-in-Chief U. S. Army:

General Ord, who followed General Hurlbart, and took command, met the enemy to-day on the Hatchie river, as I understand from his despatch, and drove them across the stream, and got possession of the heights with our troops.

General Ord took two batteries and about two hundred prisoners. A large portion of General Rosecrans' forces were at Chewalla.

At this distance everything looks favorable, and I cannot see how the enemy are to escape without losing everything but their small arms.

I have strained everything to take into the fight an adequate force, and to get them to the right place.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

[Chewalla, which is named in the above despatch as the place where General Rosecrans has arrived, is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, ten miles west of Corinth.]

Extracts from Southern Newspapers.

In the Virginia Legislature, Mr. Collier, of Petersburg, offered the following:

Whereas, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by his recent proclamation, is acting in stolid contempt of the principles of property in slaves, which is no less consecrated in the United States Constitution than in ours, and is aiming, by said proclamation, to excite servile insurrection in our midst,

Resolved, therefore, That no person within this State shall be held to have committed any offence against the criminal laws thereof, or shall be tried or imprisoned, or be required to answer at any time for an act done in driving from the State, or putting to death, any person, with or without arms, who may be found on our soil aiding in any way to give effect to the fiendish purposes of said proclamation.

Three hundred and sixty-three disloyal citizens of Carrol county, Mo., have been assessed $11,000, by commissioners, for killing and wounding loyal soldiers and citizens and taking property belonging to them.

The Richmond Whig, Oct. 4th, says that the small-pox has broken out in the Military Hospitals in Danville.

Aliens Exempted from the Draft, and Subsequently becoming Naturalized, to be placed on the Enrolment.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 6, 1862.—Information has been received at the Military Department at Harrisburg that, in many instances, aliens have been exempted from the draft because they were not citizens, and immediately thereafter they have filed their naturalization papers and thus became liable to military duty. The postponement of the draft gives the Commissioners time to correct this, and they will be instructed to add to the enrolment the names of all persons naturalized since the appeals have been held, and hold them subject to military duty. The Commissioners will hear their claims to exemption on other grounds before the draft is made.

The War in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 6.—Advices received from Gen. Schofield state that, with a powerful force, he was, on Saturday, at Sarcoxie, sixteen miles from Newtonia, where a rebel force of 16,000 strong was collected. He expected to reach there to-day, and, if the rebels do not vacate the place, we may expect to hear immediately of a battle. No apprehensions are entertained as to the result—Schofield's army being superior to that of the enemy, and in excellent fighting trim. The only thing feared is that the rebels won't fight.

Advices dated the 4th inst., received from Greencastle, Mo., convey reliable intelligence that all the Texan troops under the rebel McBride have been ordered to return home forthwith, in consequence of the Union victories at Marshal and Shreveport, Texas. The troops thus referred to are estimated at two thousand in number.

Destructive Fire at Syracuse, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 6.—The Bastable block, at the corner of Genesee and Warren streets, was destroyed by fire this morning. The loss on the building amounted to $40,000, on which there is an insurance of $30,000. The loss to the occupants by the destruction of their goods by fire and water amounted to $75,000, which is insured for $40,000.

Wreck of a Fishing Schooner—Thirteen Lives Lost.

A despatch from Boston states that the fishing schooner White Cloud, of Provincetown, Mass., foundered at sea on the 20th ult. The captain and crew, numbering thirteen souls, were all lost.

The War in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 6, 6 P. M.—Telegraphic communication with Bardstown has just been re-established. The wires will keep pace with our army as it proceeds Southward.

Election at Bridgeport, Conn.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Oct. 6.—The Union ticket was unanimously elected, to-day.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1862.

All doubt now as to the draft in this city is dissipated, orders having been received by Judge Anthon from Governor Morgan this morning, to have twenty thousand men drawn throughout the State, on the 10th of October, without fail.

A little exertion on the part of our merchants and bankers between now and the fatal 10th, would save the city from the reproach of a conscription, (that is, if the conscription is a reproach,) but there would seem to be no disposition to make that exertion. This is not as it should be. Our New York capitalists have made and are now making a good deal of money out of the government, and their losses from the war, thus far, have not been very heavy, and hence one would think, that of all other classes of the community, they should be the readiest to put their shoulders to the wheel. Doubtless, they have done much to sustain the government thus far, during the war, but as there is as much necessity to-day as there ever was for liberality and self-sacrifice, so there ought not to be any relaxation on their part, in stimulating enlistments and upholding the good name of the Empire city. Our proportion will be about five thousand.

Governor Morgan astonished the natives by issuing a proclamation, this afternoon, announcing that nine months volunteers will be accepted from localities where the quotas under the first call have been filled. New York and Brooklyn are included in those places. If the Governor had thus given assurance that men would have been accepted for less than three years, there is scarcely a doubt that our quota under the second call would be filled by the 10th, thus rendering a draft unnecessary.

As it is, the time intervening between now and then is so brief that there is but a faint prospect that the necessary number of recruits will be procured to save us from the ordeal. Still, if we can drum up only 1000 men say, the number to be drawn by conscription will not much exceed 1500, a mere trifle compared with the fabulous number which it was understood, a few weeks since, would certainly be drawn.

The news from Richmond, that the rebels in response to the President's Emancipation Proclamation propose to raise the black flag, and make the war one of extermination, creates here no surprise, the effect having been "discounted in advance," as they say in Wall st. Yet men shudder at the forbidding future which these new episodes threaten to open up for our country, and pray to God to enlighten the minds of the rebels, that they may see to what a dizzy precipice they propose to lead their people, if an attempt is made to carry their threats into effect.

A number of individuals from Connecticut have been in town, the day or two past, buying up substitutes for individuals who have recently been drafted in that State. The prices offered have ranged from $200 to $300, and at these quotations, it is said, quite a number have been procured and despatched to their destination. As "substitutes" will be in demand by our own people, when the conscription comes off, next week, the Provost Marshal has been asked to issue an order prohibiting the hiring such persons on account of other States, and the request will probably be complied with.

The very animated and able debate, upon the rebellion, the state of the country, etc., which has been going on during the past two days, in the Episcopal General Convention, was temporarily suspended on Saturday by a reference of all the pending resolutions on the subject to a select committee of nine, who are instructed to report on Thursday next. The whole drift of the discussion thus far, together with the votes that have been had, go to show, most conclusively that nothing will eventually be done to shut the door in the faces of such of the Southern dioceses as may be desirous to return to their allegiance to church and State, when the war is over. Among the ablest speeches on the conservative side were those of Gov. Seymour, of this State, and the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, of Boston

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending October 3, and since January 1.

For the Week.	1860.	1861.	1862.
Dry Goods	$1,662,519	$547,949	$1,649 274
General Merchan'se	2,041,162	1,142,403	3,041,723
Total for week	$3,703,781	$1,690,352	$4,589,997
Prev'ly reported	331,410,187	100,067,766	133,515,425
Total since Jan. 2	$185,113,968	$101,758,118	$138,105,422

In the general merchandise list last week were the following: $29,000 Peruvian bark; $10,300 brimstone; $14,000 cochineal; $38,000 indigo; $18,000 Italian paste; $29,000 paints; $16,000 quinine; $10,000 shellac; $35,000 soda; $32,000 furs; $7,600 lemons; $17,000 watches; $22,000 dressed hides; $131,000 undressed do.; $11,600 wines; $24,000 cutlery; $518,000 guns; $179,000 iron; $114,000 lead; $10,000 metal goods; $18,000 platina; $36,000 steel; $65,000 tin; $22,000 zinc; $14,000 logwood; $14,700 bags; $40,000 coal; $11,000 corks; $54,000 cotton; $194,000 coffee; $31,000 fancy goods; $38,000 fish; $34,000 india rubber; $17,000 rice; $19,000 salt; $166,000 sugar; $26,000 tar; $28,000 tea; $12,000 toys; $57,000 tobacco; $21,000 waste; $189,000 wool.

The week closes with a quiet money market, and with a fair activity in general trade. The supply of capital on all hands is abundant, but there is not much demand for it out of stock circles. The current rates, to-day, are four and five per cent. for call loans; stock securities; do. on bond and mortgages, five and six, prime endorsed bills; sixty and ninety days, four and five; do. four and six months, six and seven; first-class signatures, six and seven.

There was intense excitement in the Stock market, at the first board on Saturday—*everybody* having apparently entered into business with the intention of doing his best to send up prices. Indeed the speculative *furore* cannot well be imagined, let alone be described. Wall street has been thronged with anxious operators—and lots of 3,000 and 4,000 shares have been disposed of, without much unconcern as so many hundreds were weeks ago.

ASHES are quiet at $7 12½ for pots, and $7 37½ for pearls.

FLOUR.—The market for State and Western Flour is 5 cts. better, with a fair demand. The sales are 14,000 bbls., at $5 40 a 5 55 for superfine State; $5 65 a 5 95 for extra State; $5 40 a 5 55 for superfine Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, &c.; $5 85 a 7 20 for extra do., including shipping brands of round hoop Ohio at $6 a 6 15; and trade brands do., at $6 20 a 7 00. Southern Flour is a shade firmer, with a moderate business. Sales of 1200 barrels, at $6 00 a 6 65 for Baltimore; and $6 80 a 8 for extra do. Canadian Flour is also firmer, with a fair inquiry. Sales of 800 bbls., at $6 a 6 15 for common extra; and $6 35 a 7 75 for good to choice do. Rye is steady at $3 50 a 4 50 for the average of fine and superfine. Corn Meal is quiet and firm. We quote Jersey at $3 40; Brandywine at $3 75; puncheons, $18.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in fair request for export, but the market rules in favor of the buyer. The sales are 200,000 bushels, at $1 08 a 1 15 for Chicago Spring, $1 13 a 1 18 for Milwaukie Club, $1 19 a 1 22 for amber Iowa; $1 29 a 1 30 for amber Michigan, $1 25 a 1 28 for winter red Western. Rye remains quiet at 65 a 70 for Western, and 80 a 82 for State. Barley is steady; sales 800 bushels State at 110. Oats are quiet at 57 a 60c. for all kinds. Corn is one cent better, with an improved demand. The sales are 50,000 bush. at 59 a 61 for sound shipping lots of Western mixed; 54 a 59 for eastern do., and 46 a 53 for unsound do.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stock on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS.			
U States6s '81	100	104½	105
Treas N 7-30	100	104¾	...
Penna 6s	100	106	106½
" 5s	100	95	96¾
" 5s op	100	97	...
Philada 6s o	100	100¾	100½
" R	100	100¾	...
" G Ln	100	100½	...
" N Ln	100	104¾	104¾
" coup'n	100	...	...
" 5s	100	...	...
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	...	...
" 6s R	100	...	...
Alleg City 6s	100	90	...
" co R	100	40	...
Camden 6s	100	...	...
Tenn 6s	100	...	...
Cincinna 6s	100	...	...
Missouri 6s	100	...	...
St Louis bds	100	...	...
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	130	...
Philadelphia	100

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for September.]

BETHEL.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

We mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed, [stormed;
And a whisper went round of a fort to be
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command but our Colonel's low word,—
"Column! Forward!"

And out through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beeches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore—
"Column! Forward!"

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,
As ye danced to soft music, so trod we that night;
Through the aisles of the green wood, with vines overarched,
Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet as we marched—
"Column! Forward!"

As ye dance with the damsel, to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their pursuit;
But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn,—
"Column! Forward!"

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune;
And the air was so calm and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our heart-beats, like the taps of a drum,—
"Column! Forward!"

Till the lull of the lowlands were stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the trees, [track
And the glintings of glory that slid from her
By the sheen of our rifles were gaily flung back,—
"Column! Forward!"

And the woodland grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose light were kissed,
And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in the fumes,
Till we marched through fair gardens and trampled on blooms,—
"Column! Forward!"

Ay! trampled on blossoms and seared the sweet breath [death;
Of the green wood with low-brooding vapors of
O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a blast,
And away to the fore front of battle we passed—
"Column! Forward!"

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the glades, [blades,
And the sun was like lightning on banners and
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodland rolled, crimson as blood—
"Column! Forward!"

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the seas,
With the "Star Spangled Banner" swelled over the leas:
And the sword of Duryea, like a touch, led the way, [day—*
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel, that "Column! Forward!"

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were thrown, [mown;
And like corn by the red scythe of fire were
While the cannon's fierce plowings now furrowed the plain, [grain—
That our blood might be planted for Liberty's
"Column! Forward!"

O! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But the rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours; [corn,
And the sunshine of June sprinkling gold on the
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like Bethel's red morn—
"Column! Forward!"

When our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath,
Drank the first kiss of Danger, and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave Winthrop grew mute with his lyre, [fire—
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in
"Column! Forward!"

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame; [Sword
For the gold of the Pen and the steel of the
Write his deeds—in his blood—on the land he adored—
"Column! Forward!"

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air, [upbear;
And the flowers and the grass blades his memory
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves, [sheaves—
With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the
"Column! Forward!"

*The march on Bethel was begun in high spirits at midnight, but it was near noon when the Zouaves in their crimson garments, led by Colonel Duryea, charged the batteries, after singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in chorus. Major Winthrop fell in the storming of the enemy's defences, and was left on the battle-field. Lieutenant Greble, the only other officer killed, was shot at his gun soon after. This fatal contest inaugurated the "war of posts," which has since raged in Virginia.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

THE EVILS OF DOMESTIC DRUDGERY.

Causes and Cure.

Does it ever occur to those who experience the evils and vexations of domestic drudgery, that one great cause of those troubles is the want of good health? Are they aware that if they had strong and healthy bodies, they would have cheerful and contented minds, and the labor which they now consider excessive would, generally, be but a pleasant task, and absolutely necessary for the health of body and mind? When we consider the effects of disease on the human system, how it weakens the energies of both mind and body, and saps the very elements of life, health, and happiness, it is no wonder they cannot meet the realities of life as they should, in a determined and cheerful manner. No wonder they stagger "under the load of cares, toils, and never ceasing drudgery which every day brings along with it." No wonder they are irritable, desponding, and "prematurely old while yet in middle life." Brought up from childhood in the most unhealthy and unnatural but *fashionable* manner, as as a great majority of them are, how can they expect to be anything but sickly, undeveloped, and prematurely old women, and that life would seem anything but a constant drudgery to them. But, says one, "I know I am not healthy, and these things are true; but how can I help it?" I answer, by living *naturally;* that is, in conformity with those laws which govern life and health. Do not despise out-door labor. It was one of the most necessary and healthy requirements of nature, for without it, you never can enjoy good health and a vigorous mind. Instead of compressing your chest into a wasp-waist and then panting for breath, use all the means in your power to develope it, so that you can get plenty of nature's blood purifier and invigorator instead of using drugs and quack-compounds for this purpose. Rise early and retire ealry, and be temperate in all things, as well as cultivate a cheerful and contented spirit. By such means you can regain and retain good health, if possible by any means. Still with good health there are other things essential to remedy and prevent these evils, viz: economy, good judgment and neatness. How often we see persons who work apparently but little, yet accomplish a great deal, while others who labor hard accomplish but little in comparison with the amount of work. Why is this difference? Simply because the former take advantage of their work in the most economical manner. If two or more things can be done at the same time as readily as one alone, they always improve the opportunity, thus doing the greatest amount of work in the least possible time. "A stitch in time saves nine," is a golden rule with them, which they are careful to observe, and in that manner save a large amount of unnecessary labor and trouble. They have "a place for everything, and everything in its place," consequently losing no time and good-temper in looking for it. In short, they consider time and labor as money and use them as such; while the latter do not consider the importance of these things, and, consequently, neglect them; thus necessarily causing them a great deal more labor, and often more than they can fully accomplish. This, of course, sours their temper, and often makes life extremely unpleasant to them. Another thing of equal importance is to establish habits of industry and economy in your children. If you have daughters, bring them into the work, instead of letting their muscles grow flabby, and their energies lie dormant by idleness, thus robbing them of their health and beauty, and utterly unfitting them for the future and responsible duties of wives and mothers. If they are weakly, so much the more necessary that they should have exercise; it is one of Nature's best remedies for disease. It is no disgrace for them to labor; but, on the contrary, an honor and an indispensable duty. They can not only thus directly benefit themselves and their parents, but its bearing on posterity is of the utmost importance, for on the health, and intellect of woman depends the health. intellect and greatness of man. Still, I do not consider that the blame rests wholly on women themselves, for I am well aware that husbands often cause their wives many trials and hardships by their unkindness or neglect. Being generally strong and healthy, and less sensitive than women, they are too apt to consider the many cares, toils and perplexities which naturally fall to the lot of women, of trifling importance, and neglect many things which would conduce to their comfort and convenience in the performance of their household duties. This is wrong, for although her work may not be as laborious as his, is equally fatiguing to her, and often attended with more cares and perplexities. He should consider that whatever promotes the health and comfort of his wife, assists him, and endeavor to study her convenience and comfort in all of his domestic arrangements. He can thus save her a great deal of unnecessary labor and trouble and add to his own enjoyment. PROGRESS.

Jackson, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

VINELAND--NEW JERSEY.

As Seen by a Pennsylvanian.

Some time in June last, business called me to the City of Brotherly Love, when one fine morning I determined to pay a vist to Vineland, Cumberland county, N. J. My object of this visit was to take a view of the lands in New Jersey. I left the city filled with prejudice against all Jersey, and particularly against Vineland. I had often heard and read conflicting accounts about the lands, and was determined to convince myself, and after seeing the lands to form a correct opinion, and report such to the many friends who all felt a desire to make a purchase of these lands. I consider myself a good judge of soil, &c. How much I was surprised to find along the railroad a good, fertile soil, and the crops looked exceedingly well. At last we arrived at Vineland Station, the place of destination. It looked new, but far advanced compared with some older localities I had passed. I was surprised when I got out of the cars and looked around me, to see the beautiful and tasty manner in which it was laid out; broad, straight avenues, leading from the station in every direction, and tastefully planted on each side by two rows of fruit and ornamental trees. And the appearance even of the houses building convinced me at once, that those who have built there have displayed a taste in architecture worthy of any city. I found the land a good black loam, and the crops growing all showed that the soil was very productive. After having partaken of a most excellent dinner at the hotel, a ride was proposed to view the lands. The roads are wide, straight, and in excellent condition, and to me (a resident of the mountains) quite a new feature, and as level as my parlor floor. After leaving the hotel, we struck into Landis avenue, which extends for miles through the centre of this tract of land. In all these avennes and streets (the names I have forgotten), new buildings were going up; not the log cabin as in our country, but neat New England cottages, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and scarcely a stump could be seen. Had not new fencing as well as the buildings going up, and every other appearance, proven to me that this was a newly laid out place, I should by the appearance of crops, fruit trees and improvements, supposed this to have been an old place, settled years ago. We passed an old farm, and the crops of wheat, clover, rye, oats, corn and potatoes (both sweet and Irish), compared well with the crops I had seen a few days before in Lancaster county, Pa., the best agricultural district in my native State. Most of this tract is well timbered with second growth, oak and hickory. The soil is a dark, black loam. In some spots, and only a few, I found it sandy, but even in these spots, the newly planted crops were excellent, promising a rich harvest. When I returned to the hotel, my prejudices against Jersey lands were all gone, and I was in justice compelled to acknowledge to the proprietor that I had done him grievous wrong, to judge these lands by the general reputation of the Jersey lands. I had the pleasure, during my brief stay, to meet with many of the citizens of Vineland, and conversed freely with them, and found them refined and intelligent men, more so than in any other new settlement I have ever before seen. I met with many Eastern men among them, also many from my native State, and in each man's countenance you could discover vigor, health and contentment. The lands, I found, were selling rapidly, and at very reasonable prices, so that almost any person of moderate circumstances can soon become the owner of a good homestead, where want will never be known. The excellent market these people have by railroad to Philadelphia as well as to New York; the fertility of the soil, so well adapted to fruit as well as vegetables, its beautiful location, the regularity with which it is laid out, will in a few years make it one of the handsomest and richest places in the whole State. The excellent water, the pure and wholesome air, and the refined and good society, will make Vineland a summer resort for the people of Philadelphia and New York. I assure you, if circumstances and other engagements allow, I should have left my forest home in the Alleghenies, and located myself in this beautiful place; for a more healthy place, convenient to two of the great commercial marts of the new world, and surrounded by intelligent and refined society, would make it a very desirable place to spend the evening of a man's life in pleasure and contentment.

St. Mary's, Elk county, 1862. E. C. S.

THIRTY-SIX MAXIMS FOR THE FARMER.

1. Never get in debt when you cannot see your way out again; when you owe, pay as fast as you can, and promptly, according to your promise.

2. Never enlarge your farm, when halt of what you now own is not half cultivated.

3. If you own more land than you can till well, are in debt, or need funds to make necessary improvements, sell part of your farm, and use the money to pay your debts, and make your improvements.

4. Never borrow money to build a showy house, when a less pretentious one would answer better; and never lend money when you have undrained or poorly tilled land to improve.

5. Lay out a system of improvements for your farm and buildings, and as your means permit, carry these plans out.

6. Do not enter upon speculation with other people's money or your own, unless you see clearly that you will make profits; and even then, do not do it to the neglect of your farming.

7. Do not mortgage your farm for money to buy goods; very few men can enter the mercantile business without training for it, and not become bankrupt.

8. Do not buy fancy stock and pay fabulous prices, on the spur of the moment, or without knowing why you want it, and how you are to make the investment profitable.

9. Do not keep poor stock, when you can keep good at the same expense, and with four times the profit.

10. Do not change your kind of farming, because what you raise this year is low-priced for that which is high; ten chances to one, your crop will be up next year, and that which is up now will then be down.

11. Do not try to grow those crops for which your farm is not well adapted.

12. If you have a good location, do not sell out expecting to better it, because you are offered a good price.

13. Do not change farms often, for by so doing, you can carry out no definite system of improvement.

14. Do not begin to improve till you have a general plan of what you wish to do; to do so would be like commencing to get out timbers for a house before you know its length and breadth.

15. Unless your crops are good ones, sow less, and plow better.

16. Be present with your hands as much as possible, otherwise little work will be done, and that little, poorly. No business requires the master's oversight more than farming.

17. Cultivate a little, well, rather than much, poorly. Who does not remember the story of a farmer who had two daughters? When the first one married, he gave her one-third of his vineyard, and yet he had as many grapes as formerly; when the second married, she took half the remainder for her portion, and yet the yield of the father's share was not lessened.

18. Keep ahead of your work, or your work will keep ahead of you.

19. Resolve that your farm shall be a profitable one, if industry and good management will make it so.

20. Invest your surplus earnings in making such improvements as will add to the profits, appearance and convenience of your farm.

21. When you make experiments, see that you keep within the laws of nature. These are the farmer's helps; make such experiments as appear to be reasonable, no matter what your neighbors say.

22. Be kind to those you employ, and to all the animals you work.

23. Sell your produce when prices are high; and if you do not need the money, keep it when they are very low, unless it is certain they will remain so.

24. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the principles of agriculture, and be guided by them.

25. Perform all labor at the right season.

26. Do all jobs in the best manner.

27. When you begin one piece of work, finish it before you commence another.

28. Do not leave work half done, expecting to finish it next year; finish as you go.

29. Take care of your tools when you get through using them, and do not work with poor ones, when you can afford good ones.

30. Do not buy old wagons, harness, plows, etc., at auction, because you can get them cheap. Better, expend the money for books, travel, or some needed improvement.

31. Do not keep more stock on your farm than you have plenty of pasture for.

32. If at forty-five you have a fair property, do not work with your muscles so hard as formerly, but save the afternoon of each day for mental and social improvement.

33. Give your children a good education, physically, intellectually, morally and socially.

34. Take an interest in all improvements that have a bearing on agriculture.

35. Use machinery and horse-power, where possible, instead of your own muscles.

36. In all you do, endeavor to get hold of the long end of the lever, instead of the short one, if you would work to advantage.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CARE OF STOCK.

It has been said, "that the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one formerly grew, is a public benefactor." This is a self-evident fact that needs no argument. I will carry out the assertion more fully by saying, that the man who makes one bushel of grain, or one hundred pounds of hay, subsist double the amount of stock, by careful and judicious feeding, as could be kept by the old careless, thrifless and wasteful mode of feeding, is a double benefactor. Some men seem to think that their cattle have more judgment than themselves; if we take their actions as an index to their thoughts, for they turn their stock into their hay-stacks and straw-racks, and there let them pull down and tramp under foot any quantity they choose, crowding away the weak and young which, before spring, are on the *lift*. Now, a little labor in season would lengthen out the feed and save the lives of the weaker part of the stock. Surely any farmer would bestow this labor, if convinced of its utility, and could lay by the idea that "my father did as I am doing, and got along well enough, and so may I." But it is not well enough to waste the produce of many a day of toil when it could be saved. The farmer should examine his stock in the fall, and so arrange it that all may have a chance to get a sufficient quantity of food without waste. Sheep seem to demand more attention than any other stock. It becomes the interest of the farmer to arrange his sheep in such a manner that they will not be exposed to cold storms. Have folds comfortably situated where they may enjoy the enlivening rays of the sun, and be free from mud and dirt, also from burrs, and other vegetable pests that so impair the wool. Feeding oats in the sheaf I think is nearly played out; if not, it ought to be. Sheep will run over it, catching a mouthful here and there, and the rest is trampled under foot. There should be suitable racks for their hay, so that they need not reach up much, and thereby fill their wool with seed. The racks should be partitioned so that each may get its share. The trough for feeding grain should not be under the hay-rack to catch all the dirt that falls. Cattle should be provided with commodious shelters from the storms of winter, and their food placed in racks at a convenient height. Nor should they be forced to stand in mud to their knees and lay down in the same. Farmers seem to understand that to make themselves equal to a cold day it is necessary to have additional clothing, and an abundant breakfast, while they leave their cattle to the pelting storms, without any additional food, then wonder why their cattle look so bad, have the "hollow horn" and all the ills that uncared for kine are heirs to. Animal heat must be preserved, or ill-health must follow. We must keep our cattle warm in shelters, or we must give them additional food to keep up the fire, or they will surely suffer in health. Now, Eeconomy would say, keep your stock warm by shelter and ordinary feeding. If any person can give a better plan, which has been sanctioned by experience, give it to us, if not make use of mine. CARL.

Ryerson's Station, Pa., 1862.

HOUSE PLANTS.

There are few persons who do not keep plants in winter, and although few, comparatively, succeed in having healthy, handsome, blooming plants, yet almost every lover of flowers must have a few select plants to be potted and nursed through the winter. Some fail in having healthy plants in winter for want of skill and experience; more fail for want of a suitable place to keep them in. One great difficulty to be encountered is the dryness and high temperature of stove rooms. Now plants require a moist atmosphere and a temperature too low for comfort to individuals. The rooms occupied by the family will not generally answer, therefore, for the ordinary sort of house plants, and a room exposed to the rays of the sun for part of the day, and without a fire, yet so situated as to receive heat from some source when necessary, should be selected.

The temperature should never get below 40 deg., and should be kept as near 50 deg. as possible. Care must be taken that the plants are not over-watered at this season, many persons keeping the roots soaked in water all the time. There is much less danger of the plants being too dry than too wet. No definite rules can be laid down as to the frequency of waterings or the quantity to be given; but the soil should not be allowed to get so dry as to cause the plants to wilt; nor so wet as to keep the roots constantly soaked. In sunny weather they may need daily waterings; in cloudy, dull weather, perhaps they will not require any water for a week. Plants that are in a state of rest require scarcely any; those which are growing vigorously require a good deal. Frequent syringing of the whole plant is of great service, but where this cannot conveniently be done, washing of the leaves with a sponge will be found beneficial.

When the plants are taken up from the borders preparatory to being potted and carried into the house, those which have been blooming through the season should be cut back a great deal, and set in a cool place, and be watered but seldom until they begin to grow vigorously. Many persons who cannot bear to cut down their pet plants will soon find them with long naked branches, and dragging out a miserable life, while, if they had cut them back with a remorseless hand, they would have secured vigorous, healthy, young shoots, which could hardly fail producing an abundant bloom.—*Country Gent.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A WORD ABOUT FEATHER BEDS.

Let every farmer read this, and give it a moment's thought; yes, spend more than a moment in considering what I say, and if you will follow my advice, I know you will be amply repaid for your trouble.

The business of the farmer is a healthy one; he breathes the purest air, and his duties enable him to develope his physical nature, and his bronzed face and his strong arms testify that he is not a victim of inactivity and confinement. There is one thing, however, which he does, but ought not to do—*he sleeps on feather beds.* I think this habit is injurious, especially in summer time. I am not a farmer (I wish I was), but I have tried these feather beds, when I have been visiting my country relatives and friends, and I consider them about the only articles in the farmer's house that ought to be dispensed with. Instead of wallowing in feathers, sleep on corn-husks. I do not want a nicer bed than one made of corn-husks. All you have to do is to dry them, and pull them apart in fine shreds, and you have a sweet and healthy bed.

It will come hard at first, your limbs will ache for awhile; but, when initiated, you will not change again. You will readily admit that it is more pleasant to sleep on a hard bed than to melt away at night and awake dissatisfied and uncomfortable the next morning. I sleep on a corn-husk bed, and I would never willingly give it up for feathers. I do not change when winter arrives; but I "acknowledge the corn" all the year round. Farmers, try it. If you do not want to commence in the Fall, commence in the Spring; but, whenever you do try it, I think you will sleep just as soundly, just as comfortably, and much more healthfully, than you would were you to go on rolling and perspiring in the grass that grows on the goose's back.

C. H. B.

Philadelphia, Sept., 1862.

HEADING LATE CABBAGE.

It sometimes happens, either through the lateness of the season, or neglect in early planting, that cabbages do not head completely before cold weather sets in. These are often fed out to cattle, or thrown away, while by a little care they might be made to head during the fall and early winter. To accomplish this, proceed as follows: first, make a wide trench, and transplant the cabbages into it, setting them together in a triple row. At each end of the row, drive in a crotched stake, and lay a rail from one to the other, to form a ridge pole a foot or more above the cabbages. Make a roof of old boards or slabs, one end on the pole, and the other on the ground, so as to shed water. Over this lay a little straw, six or more inches thick, and when winter sets in, put on as many inches of earth, making the surface smooth and hard, so as to be nearly rain-proof. At each end of the row, leave a ventilating hole, which must be loosely filled with straw in cold weather. Cabbages so managed, will continue to grow, and will fill up their heads considerably before mid-winter. When taken out in spring, they will be tender, crisp, and beautifully blanched.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS—APPLICABLE FOR MANY FARMERS THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.—Scrape into an earthen vessel one and a half ounce of spermacetti, and half ounce of white wax; add six drachms of pounded gum camphor, and four tablespoonsful of the best olive oil; let it stand until it dissolves, stirring it well when liquid. Before the hands are washed, rub them well with the cerate, then wash as usual; rub the hands with the cerate, before retiring at night, and wash off next morning.

TO KEEP ARMS AND POLISHED METAL FROM RUST.—Dissolve one ounce of camphor in two pounds of lard, observing to take off the scum; then mix as much black lead as will give the mixture an iron color. Fire-arms, &c., rubbed with this mixture, and left with it on twenty-four hours, and then dried with a linen cloth, will keep clean for months.

)Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

ASPARAGUS.—*Lexington, Ill.*—I would esteem it a favor if some of your correspondents would inform me through the "Newspaper," the best method of planting an Asparagus Bed, and the proper treatment after planting?

J. W. S.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.]

There is a river, deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped? They will return
No more to glad our longing eyes!
They've passed from life's contracted bourne,
Passed to the blessed realm that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, upraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflecting from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere:
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow drinks the tear.
And sometimes listening ears may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats—
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps and voices' blended notes
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest; [more
They've crossed Time's river. Now no
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last,
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there—
Beyond the river.

THE REBELLION.

FROM THE SOUTH.

News of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation Reaches Richmond.

THE REBELS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC

The Richmond Dispatch of September 27 says that, about two weeks ago, five men were arrested from a boat in Mobile Bay, on suspicion that they were making an attempt to escape to New Orleans. They were subsequently sent to prison in Mobile, and upon searching them there were found upon them charts and plans of the defences of Mobile. One of them, Dr. Abrarian, Louis Rossvalley, of New Orleans, where he had a wife and children, has been hanged, but whether by military or civil authority is not ascertained.

The same paper also states that a Yankee cavalry force visited Warrenton Junction on Thursday last, where a number of wounded were left after the battle of Manassas. It conjectures that the Yankees intend to make a raid on that place, to take prisoners those who, from their wounds, are unable to defend themselves.

The Dispatch also contains an item from a Texas paper, dated September 3, which says that Gen. Sam Houston is alive and well, and living on his old homestead.

The Despatch advises the appointment of a reliable brigade in the service to prevent straggling from the rebel army.

The Richmond Examiner of September 27th says that the public highways in the Valley of Virginia, from Winchester to Staunton, are crowded with suffering and wounded soldiers, poor fellows who were in the terrible fights of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and especially in the terrible fight of Wednesday of last week. They left the battle-field for home or the hospital, and were too weak to proceed, and had no money to procure their passage. It is exceedingly painful and sorrowful to see these poor, ragged, toil-worn, battle-scarred heroes trudging wearily and languidly along. Let them be looked after at once.

The Examiner also regrets that the debates in Congress on the Conscription bill should be characterized with so much temper and conducted in a way to inflame the public mind. It complains particularly of the speech of Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, on the subject, and adds "that the word 'States' means much more than is implied in Mr. Conrad's limited lexicon. States are political organizations—they are sovereignties."

THE NEWS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION AT RICHMOND.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 27th ultimo publishes a despatch dated Petersburg the 26th, a copy of which is here subjoined:

No formal notice of the 22d instant have been received. Lincoln has issued a proclamation declaring the slaves of rebel masters free from and after the 1st of January next.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 27.]

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

This is a question oftener asked than answered. We have been asked the question repeatedly; but if any one should ask us "When will the world end?" we should be just as able to give an opinion. Our conviction is that a good many people will come to an end before the world does, and that in like manner the war will finish off a good many before it is finished itself. This is a sombre view of the future, but we wish we could see any streaks of light to indicate the dawn of day.

The only way that the war can end is by the exhaustion of the North or the extermination of the South. The North has determined to subjugate or annihilate us. It gives us only this alternative: "The Union or death." That, in sum and substance, is all that its most conservative politicians propose. It is in vain that some of them deny the cruel determination that their words indicated. Is there one of them, conservative Republican or conservative Democrat, who will proclaim that he prefers the sacrifice of "the Union" to the extermination of the South? The Union is the god of all parties alike, except the ultra-abolitionists, who, strange to say, are the only men in the North willing to "let it slide." *The war has been carried on from the beginning by the conservative classes, and scarcely an abolitionist is to be found in the armies.* If the "Union sentiment" which so pervades the North were genuine patriotism, we might have some hope of its abatement, or, if it were mere fanaticism, the grab of passion might howl itself out; but it is the practical, substantial greed of gold, which will never let go its grip as long as life remains. The North is fighting not only for the Southern trade and commerce, but to make the South pay the enormous debt accumulated in this war. Not only this, but it is fighting for its very being. The idea is common that it is the South alone which is contending for national existence. But if the North ultimately fails in this war, she will fall as fast and far as Lucifer in his descent from Heaven. The brightest jewels of her crown wrested from her grasp, the chief source of her revenue withdrawn, and a national debt half as large as that of England piled upon her shoulders; her cities solitary, her harbors deserted, her manufactories silent, her military capacities so paralyzed that she can neither command respect abroad nor insure good order in her own incongruous population, composed of a seething mass of the ignorant, depraved and fanatical of all nations, she will cling to "the Union," and to the war, by which only she hopes to preserve it, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank that divides him and the fathomless depths of eternity. We must bear these facts in mind when we are tempted by the spirit-sedatives of hope to look for a speedy peace, and to relax the exertions which alone can save our throats from the throttle of a powerful nation, engaged in a fearful and final struggle for life or death. *We wish we could descry a brighter prospect, but we see no reason for such prediction. The unmanly expectation of foreign intervention which so long deluded our people has long ago proved an idle dream.* Europe not only refuses to intervene, but rejoices in her heart over the American troubles, because they are exhausting and rendering impotent for injury to despotic governments that continent whose free institutions have always kept her in a nightmare of alarm. England, the chief instrument in the disruption of the old republic, preserves rigid neutrality—that is, she furnishes the North material and the South moral aid; she permits the North to purchase materials and munitions of war, which the South, by reason of the blockade, is only partially able to do; and she praises the South for its military prowess and patriotic devotion. She puts weapons in the hands of the Northern combatants, and she pats the Soutern combatants on the head and cries "Brave boy, pitch into him." We are beginning to understand all this, and to dismiss from our minds the morstrous delusion of foreign intervention. If, however, the war gives no signs of coming to a speedy end, we believe that by proper action on the part of Congress the honor of our flag will continue to be sustained, the public security increased, and the capacity of the enemy for mischief and annoyance greatly diminished. In the meantime we must seek to be patient, and, if possible, content in a condition from which mankind has never been exempt, and which Providence sees best for our trial and discipline. In the spirit of the man who, when he broke his leg, thanked Heaven it was not his neck, we may console ourselves with reflecting that there are national and individual calamities greater and more irreparable than those of war, and be thankful we have escaped them.

THE ARMY OF GEN. LEE.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 27.]

During the day yesterday we heard of no new developments in the movements of our forces on the Potomac in its present position. We understand, the army is improving in the condition of the men, and *accumulating by daily accessions of stragglers and conscripts.* Whatever may be the intended future operations of Gen. Lee, he is certainly most successful in keeping them concealed from the public. No material injury can result to the public from this reticence. What is concealed from our people finds little chance of making its way to the enemy. There is general confidence felt and expressed in the management of military affairs, and whatever movement is made will have the sanction and support of the people.

Our latest accounts concur in the report that the Yankees have not attempted to recross the Potomac since they were so mercilessly slaughtered by General Jackson, at Shepherdstown, on Saturday. Our pickets, as late as Tuesday, extended to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. It is not probable that they will attempt to cross again for the present.

Winchester is represented as being rapidly disgorged of the stragglers who have made the town a kind of rendezvous since our army first entered Maryland.

LEGISLATION FOR REMOVING NEGROES.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 27.]

The Union invasion, especially in its relations to negroes, has thus far been a John Brown raid on a grand scale. Wherever the Union armies have advanced, the negroes have been swept off as clean as the Eastern locusts sweep a field of grain. Not one green or black thing is left in the line of the Yankee march, nor in the whole country for many miles around. The Piedmont, the upper valley, the peninsula, the country watered by the Rappahannock and the Potomac, have been stripped of their negro population. This war has assumed the character of a grand negro hunting expedition. Of victories the Yankees have gained few—negroes many. What becomes of the game it is impossible to say, nor is that a matter of much consequence. The loss, however, of so valuable an element of strength and prosperity is a matter of such moment that the Legislature of the State ought at once to take measures for the prevention of similar calamities in the future. This can only be done by a law providing for the removal of negroes from all threatened districts to the interior. It will not do to leave this to the discretion or judgment of the master. In some cases they are too indolent to take the proper precautions for the security of their property; in others they are deluded by implicit confidence in the fidelity of their servants; and, notwithstanding the experience which the war has furnished that the neighborhood of a Yankee army creates as complete a stampede among negroes as the approach of a locomotive among cattle, there are thousands of masters who continue to believe that their servants will not run under similar temptations, and foolishly to expose them to temptation. It is clear, therefore, that there is no security for the negro property of the State unless the Legislature makes the removal of the negroes from districts exposed to invasion compulsory. We trust the necessary action will be taken promptly, for the State has already suffered enormous losses from this cause, which, by precautionary legislation, might all have been prevented.

FROM HARPERS' FERRY.

FOUR DAYS OF REBEL RULE—SCENES WITH THE INHABITANTS—VANDALISM—STORES AND GUNS REMOVED.

HARPER'S FERRY, Va., Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1862.—One week ago to-day I left this place a refugee, fleeing under cover of night to our lines. Rebel soldiers surrounded the surrounding hills and patroled the streets, thousands of our own disheartened troops, who had been compelled to surrender through the criminal incompetence of their General, being huddled together on Bolivar Heights, prisoners of war. Rebel banners flaunted in every direction, the "Lone Star" and "Palmetto" being the most conspicuous among their number. Rebel cannon were up on Bolivar Heights, or glistened in the moonlight on the Maryland shore. Rebel authority reigned supreme.

To-night I safely return, not by a winding, circuitous way, avoiding enemies, pickets, and guards, but walking securely forward under national protection. National soldiers now occupy the Heights, roam through the fields, and walk the streets. National ensigns have supplanted the Stars and Bars, and Union guns now frown from the battlements. How can I be otherwise than rejoiced at the change? Yet, when I recall the number of brave men who have unnecessarily been laid upon the shelf, the vast amount of property which has been lost, and look around upon the waste and destruction which have been inflicted by the rebels, sadness takes the place of joy.

The many reports which were in circulation to the effect that Burnside or some other General had recaptured this place last week, are without foundation. The rebels remained until last Saturday, when they evacuated it. The haste with which everything captured was removed, and the sudden departure of Jackson's forces to reinforce Lee across the river, doubtless gave rise to these rumors, having left our paroled prisoners who were going out, to suppose that Burnside or some other Union General was coming in. On taking the place a week ago yesterday, Gen. A. P. Hill, to whom we surrendered, took up his head-quarters in the centre of the town, and posted his minions around him in every direction. They built their camp-fires under the shade-trees in the streets, and slept on the sidewalks, in door-ways, alongside the fences, or wherever an opportunity for stretching out presented itself. All of the rebels, save a few hundred, departed on Tuesday. General Hill, who is a man of pleasing address and gentlemanly instincts, permitted no citizens or private property to be molested. He, however, left on Wednesday morning, and a Col. Thomas, differing from him in every respect, save rebellious proclivities, took command during the remainder of the week. Much annoyance was experienced from him. On Thursday, a New York lady of some eminence, who, unfortunately, was war-bound here, requested of him a pass to the National lines, when he replied that Southern ladies had suffered from this war, and it was time more than right that Yankee women should experience some difficulty also. Replying that she simply desired to return to New York, he said: "I would do more for a lady from New York than for any other State outside of the Confederacy; but why did you remain when you knew we would take the place?" "Because I supposed the Southerners were gentlemen, and would treat me with the courtesy which they boast of," was the reply. This appeared to satisfy him, and an immediate pass was granted.

On Wednesday, the flag-poles were cut. One of the banners had previously been hauled down by some Unionists, and sunk in the river by means of stones. The captured guns were most of them removed to Winchester, and the commissary stores started off in wagons in the direction of Charlestown. Trains were kept running constantly on the Winchester railroad to Winchester, and Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Martinsburg until Thursday afternoon. Tuesday morning the work of blowing up the splendid iron railroad bridge across the Potomac was commenced, and not completed until Thursday night. What our Northern mudsill mechanics could have accomplished in three hours, it took the chivalrous Southerners three days to accomplish. Yet the work was performed effectually. Two new spans only had been laid, the third being a portion of the old bridge, which had suffered a like fate. The structure, when completed, would have cost nearly three hundred thousand dollars. After the bridge was blown up, Thursday afternoon about sunset, the pontoon was destroyed. The torch of destruction was then applied to the large stables and workshops close by, which were entirely consumed.

The wooden structure, on which the railroad track is laid, built of solid timber, and extending for several rods, depot platform, and nearly everything of combustible nature in the vicinity, shared a similar fate. The cars, with one or two exceptions, were burned while standing on the track. Instead of falling through, as they supposed would be the case, the only engine left remained on the trestle work, being held up by the tender, which went down end-ways, forming a sort of a support. Strange to relate, the old engine-house, which has remained unharmed through the many vicissitudes which the place has undergone, escaped their vengeance. It stood directly alongside the other buildings, and why not destroyed is to me a mystery. Perhaps they were afraid to burn John Brown's old fortress, lest there should arise from the ruins ten thousand spirits like unto himself, to stir up their slaves and play insurrection generally. It may be that some of the men purposed to the work of ruin cherished a secret admiration for the old hero, and desired to leave standing the monument to his bravery, misguided though it was. One of them, I know, protested with Colonel Thomas against such wanton destruction of property. Three fine residences belonging to the Government, on the hill overlooking Shenandoah, (two of which are used as hospitals) were left standing, owing, as the rebels said, to their proximity to private property. Much credit is due to John R. Reed, a boatman living two miles above the ferry, for dissuading them from blowing up the locks on the canal. Union, as well as rebel soldiers, have deprived him of horses and various other stock, yet he has never received one cent remuneration from the Government.

Friday night, great distress was occasioned among the citizens, by the statement of a desperate band of guerillas, that they were going to burn the village. They were prevented from doing so, however. The next day, after destroying the fine railroad bridge over the Government works canal, or reservoir, about half a mile above the village, several coal and wood cars which had been left in the vicinity of the dam, and the telegraph wire for some distance, the rebels evacuated bag and baggage. Our troops marched in on Monday. I have yet to hear of any exception to the conduct on the part of our rebel soldiers. On the contrary, many cases of kindness were extended to the Unionists have been related to me.

Last Wednesday the hospital steward was told by a New Jerseyman in the Rebel service, to bring his cart down to the Commissary Department at night, when he was on guard, and he would supply him with what he needed. The steward did so, and returned with a barrel of beans, fifty pounds of pork, and several loaves of bread. Sweet pork and other eatables were several times sent to the people from the Rebel camp. This would not seem to indicate much want on their part. A Southern mail was established here while the rebels remained.

The stores are being opened to-day, and the village begins to wear its wonted appearance. The first train of cars came through from Baltimore yesterday as far as Sandy Hook, one mile below here, and mail facilities will be afforded in a few days. Northern papers are now received here the first time for three weeks. Pontoon bridges were sent up from Monocacy Junction to-day, and a pontoon bridge will be completed by to-morrow. Many of the negroes who were run off are returning, having escaped from the rebel lines. If any one questions the propriety or humanity of the President's recent proclamation, let him remember that the rebels drove off from this place all the blacks, free and slave, indiscriminately, not excepting the cooks and private servants of officers brought from the North. An immense force of our troops are now here. A forward movement may be expected